The SALARIES of RADIO STARS—

A Revelation by Morris Markey

Liberty

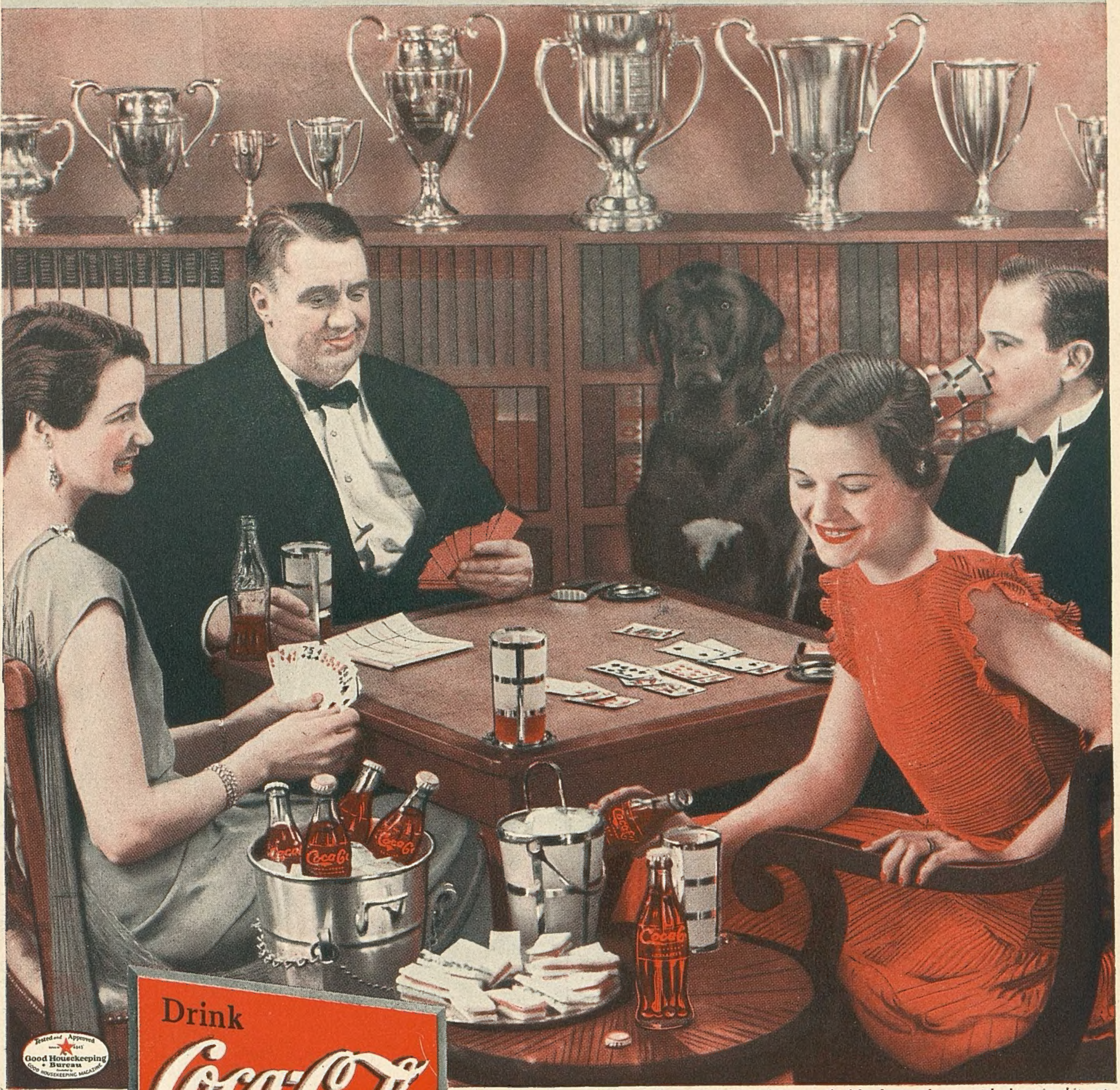
JUNE 9,
1934

5¢

Printed in Canada

VIÑA DELMAR—WILL IRWIN— MAXINE DAVIS— ERIC HATCH

Keeping fit...to concentrate



P. Hal Sims (North) of Deal, N. J., contract authority, as he likes best to play... with championship cups behind him, ice-cold Coca-Cola beside him and his great dane, Duke, as kibitzer.

Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

P. Hal Sims always makes *this refreshing pause* part of his game

Winner of perhaps more championships at auction and contract than any living man, Mr. Sims knows the value of composure and concentration. A refreshing pause in such tense play becomes a necessity. Long ago he chose ice-cold Coca-Cola for that part of his game—*the drink that keeps you feeling fit for what's ahead.* The pleasurable social touch it gives is a delight to the many friends with whom he plays. Like all who know Coca-Cola at its best, he insists that it be served ice-cold.

COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

"NO VIBRATION *Please*— I HAVE TO LIVE IN MY CAR"

A TRAVELING SALESMAN'S STORY WITH A MORAL FOR EXECUTIVES

HENRY BROWN, traveling salesman, covers a big territory. He says, "I've tried 'All Three' low-priced cars but I'm glad I picked Plymouth."

When Salesmen buy their Own Cars... Why do they pick Plymouth?

YOUR SALESMEN may not have to be demon drivers like Henry Brown. His is an extreme case. But, when it comes to *comfort* and *safety*, Plymouth does go to extremes.

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Specifically, it's the only low-priced car that has *all four* of the features essential to safety and comfort: Hydraulic Brakes; Safety-Steel Bodies; Floating Power engine mountings; Individual Wheel Springing.

• • •

WE BELIEVE THAT, when you "Look at All Three," Plymouth's *plus* value will make it your obvious choice.

Any Chrysler-Plymouth dealer will give you all the facts and a demonstration.

"EVEN MAPS don't help me much to dodge some of the rutty, back-country roads I travel. I have to depend on those Individual Wheel Springs to smooth out the bumps."

IN HIS PREVIOUS Plymouth Mr. Brown once travelled 660 miles in 23 hours, over a terrible mountain road part of the way. He felt great when he arrived.

MR. BROWN'S New De Luxe Plymouth Sedan. Plymouth prices begin at $778, delivered to you in Windsor, Ont., subject to change without notice. Duplate Safety Plate Glass *throughout* optional at low extra cost.

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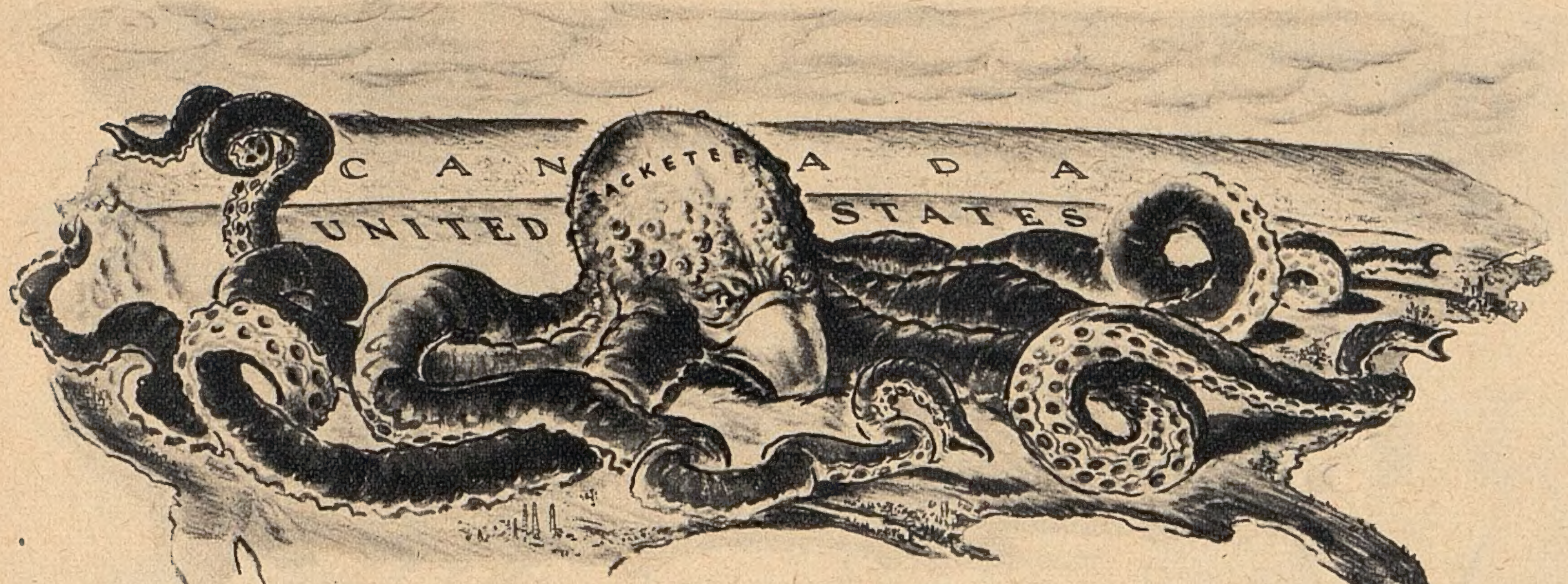
PLYMOUTH BUILT BY CHRYSLER

JUNE 9, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 23

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

THE TWILIGHT OF RACKETEER REIGN



CANADA thus far has escaped the rule of the most ruthless dictator ever to set heel on the neck of any nation—that of the modern racketeer.

To the south of us we have seen one hundred and twenty-three million people fall prey to the depredations of this insatiable brigand. During the decade of his greatest affluence he exacted billions of dollars in tribute from the subjects of this invisible empire, rooted in corruption and fattened on fear. And the most amazing phase of the whole situation (from a Canadian viewpoint) is the fact that the entire affair was regarded by many as a Gargantuan jest.

Canada has never grasped the peculiar pyschology of part of her neighboring republic during the more hectic stages of racketeering régime. It appears to us that some elements reveled in their slavery to this swaggering overlord. He was variously glorified in films, novels, plays, and headlines. His wise cracks, mannerisms, and tawdry extravagances were the chief topics of the day. Youths with a not unusual philosophy of life (compounded equally of a distaste for honest toil and a belief that the world owed them a living) adopted him as their beau ideal—a modern Robin Hood, minus the chivalrous trappings of his medieval counterpart.

Canada's history would certainly have been written in red ink, if not in red blood, under a similar influence. Bread lines would have assumed appalling proportions. Taxes would have become intolerable. Factories, farms, and retail stores now thriving would have been desolated. A miasma of fear would have settled over business, shriveling up faith, initiative, and profits. And our traditional respect and allegiance toward law enforcement would have been jettisoned long ago as useless cargo.

Several months ago a nationally known Canadian business decided to extend its activities into the United States. The enterprise had been singularly successful in this country despite adverse business conditions. A carefully developed and well planned system of operation chiefly accounted for its prosperity. The identical plan was inaugurated in the United States and the identical results were anticipated. The directors were delighted with the overnight success of their venture and planned with considerable optimism for future expansion. But within six months they threw up their hands and the entire project.

They had been guilty of an error in business judgment in forgetting one all-important factor—the racketeer. But this enterprising gentleman hadn't forgotten them, at least until he had driven them into bankruptcy.

Canadian business is back on the highroad again, thanks to the absence of the racketeer. But had Canadian business been called upon to drain its reserves and to stagger under the burden of gangster rule it would probably have remained mired in the bogs of the depression. This country, with all its actual and undiscovered wealth, is still not rich enough to support the luxury-loving racketeer in the extravagant style to which he has become accustomed. Keep him out of Canada.

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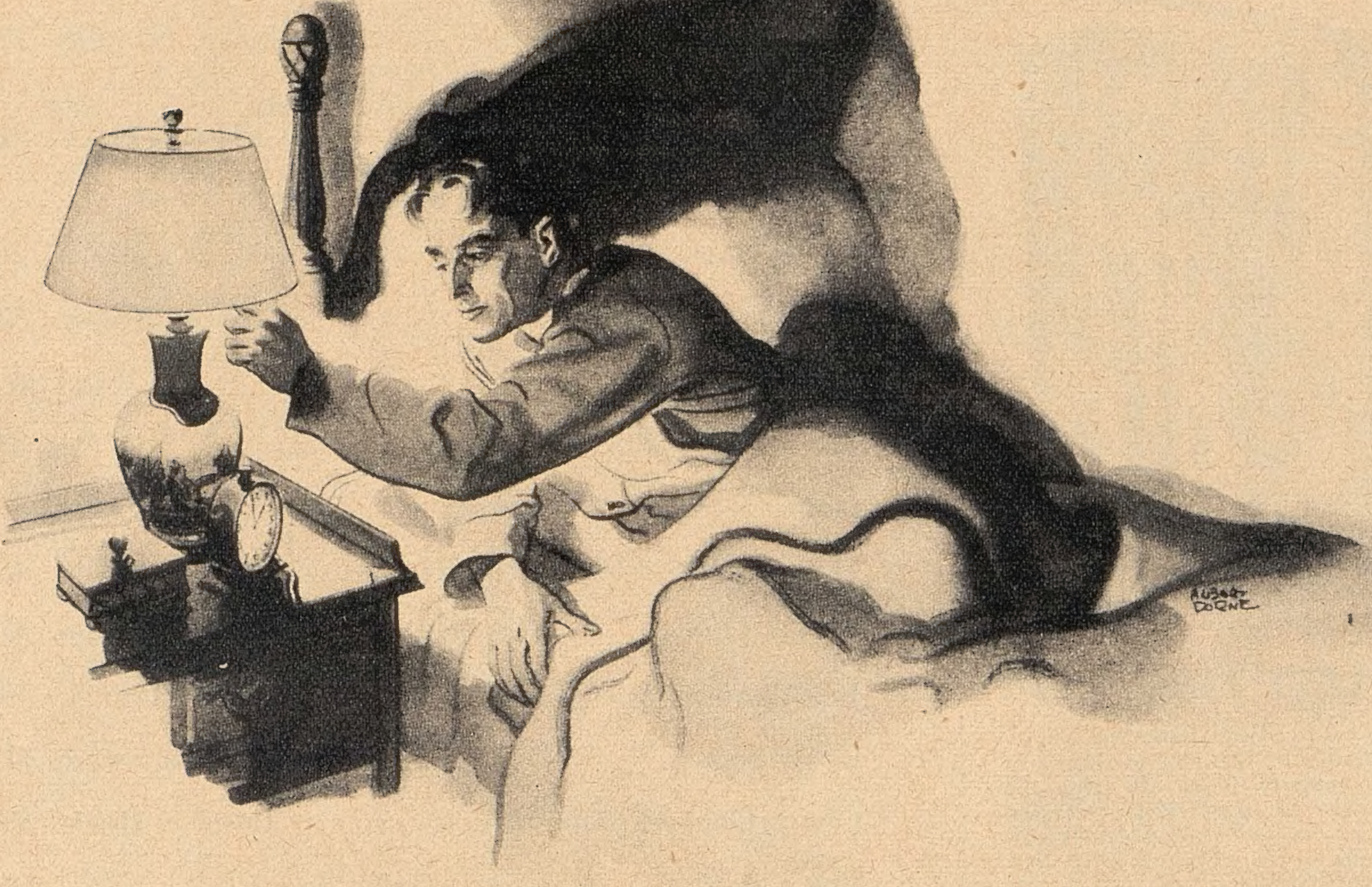
The next time a dull head keeps you awake



TENSE NERVES . . . unsettled stomach . . . headaches . . . often they rob you of precious hours of sleep. And leave you ragged and unstrung in the morning. No wonder Bromo-Seltzer is such a standby in so many home medicine cabinets.

For Bromo-Seltzer brings relaxation and relief. You get its benefits almost immediately. Here's what happens when you drink it.

1. In dissolving Bromo-Seltzer effervesces, one reason why it quickly relieves gas on the stomach.

2. Bromo-Seltzer then relieves headaches . . . it works faster because you take it as a *liquid*.

3. At the same time, your nerves are calmed and soothed. You are gently relaxed.

4. Also, the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer supply needed alkali that is readily absorbed by the blood stream, thus building up your alkali reserve.

5. You feel steadied, not depressed, because Bromo-Seltzer isn't a mere pain-killer but a balanced compound of 5 medicinal ingredients.

The multi-purpose remedy

Dependable Bromo-Seltzer . . . it brings such welcome relief so many times that you should always have it handy. You probably know that Bromo-Seltzer has been a standby for over forty years for "morning-after" loginess . . . for headaches . . . neuralgia . . . and other pains of nerve origin. It absolutely contains no habit-forming drugs. It is pleasant and refreshing to take. It doesn't upset the stomach. Few reliefs are made with more careful testing and retesting of ingredients . . . with such strict laboratory control. That's why you can always depend on the one and only Bromo-Seltzer.

Sold by druggists everywhere, both in bottles for home use and in doses at the soda-fountains. Made by Bromo-Seltzer Ltd., 1266 Queen St. West, Toronto, Canada.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.

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BROMO-SELTZER
MADE IN CANADA

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER
FOR
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA

Quick **Pleasant** **Reliable**

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HOW THE WAR DEBTS CAN BE PAID

By

Senator Arthur R. Robinson

Let's clear away the smoke screens of diplomacy and propaganda and have a look at the facts, says the United States Senator from Indiana

TROUPER

By

Helen Topping Miller

A story of love behind the footlights

OTHER STORIES AND ARTICLES BY **ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL, EDWARD DOHERTY, VINA DELMAR, FRAZIER HUNT, DANA BURNET** AND **OTHERS**

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You will enjoy listening—now more than ever before—to the brilliant broadcasts from all over the world on a new 1935 PHILCO. Listen to PHILCO'S new short-wave broadcast program from Station EAQ, Madrid, every Sunday, 7 to 7:30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Thrill to programs from London, Berlin, Rome, Buenos Aires and countless other stations in Europe and South America—or right here at home!

It's such a simple matter with this new radio. PHILCO'S engineering genius has made it easy for you to get foreign reception that was difficult even for experts a year ago. Your favorite artists are brought to you "as if in person" through the marvels of PHILCO'S Patented Inclined Sounding Board.

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EDDIE CANTOR

The SALARIES of Radio Stars

A Revelation that May Surprise You—Which Would You Suppose to Be the Most Highly Paid?

by MORRIS MARKEY

AMOS 'N' ANDY

TEXACO
GASOLINE

ED WYNN

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

DURING the past twelve months an exciting event was repeated, with only trifling variations, in a million American homes. In each one a new radio set—a first radio set—was installed, and in each a family full of pride sat down to claim at last its particular spot on the beach where the air waves surge.

This brought the total number of radio sets in the country to about 18,000,000. The statistical gentlemen have satisfied themselves that there is an average of three listeners to each set. And so we now may contemplate an America wherein 54,000,000 men and women and children may sit down all at one time, if they are so unanimously minded, and hear the President, or Amos 'n' Andy, or Paul Whiteman, or John McCormack.

Nobody that ever lived before in all the world could dream of such an audience. Neither Cæsar nor Napoleon could have imagined swaying such a multitude, all at the same moment. A new and enormous force lies in this opportunity to communicate with humanity.

What use is being made of that force? To be sure, the economics of broadcasting are such that nobody, save perhaps Mr. Roosevelt, can have the air to himself at any given time. Any one else is certain to find competition, and thus the millions in the audience are certain to be broken into groups. But any one of the groups will contain a fabulous number of people.

In all the nation there are something less than 700 broadcasting stations. These divide themselves into five natural groups: the chain of the Columbia system; the Red network and the Blue network of the National Broadcasting Company; a loosely joined confederation of independents, headed by WOR in Newark; and

Photographs courtesy
National Broadcasting Co. and
Columbia Broadcasting System

finally the dozens of small stations scattered through the country.

The three big networks are the backbone of broadcasting. Virtually all the expensive stars gather in their studios and virtually every listener in the country is on a big network station at some time during the day.

The research people have worked out some estimates of audiences (excluding speeches from the White House). At any moment of the broadcasting day, about 70 per cent of radio owners are using their sets. From this figure, and from numberless canvasses by telephone and mail, it has been deduced that an average program on one of the networks will draw 3,000,000 listeners. An exceptional program may have 4,500,000 listeners. A rare and well advertised event may have 8,000,000 listeners.

What sort of material can be put into the last category? Not a single one of the regularly produced entertainment features—not even the most popular of the shining stars. It takes an actual happening that is either important or exciting or both to make 8,000,000 people listen. The reading of a Papal encyclical from Rome is an example. The Inaugural ceremonies at Washington is another. A Rose Bowl football game is still another.

Advertisers and broadcast companies have gone to vast pains and expense to find out what programs are popular and what are not. Fan mail is almost universally discounted. About 10,000 letters a day come to the offices of Columbia and NBC. And although they are carefully sorted out and tabulated, nobody pays much attention to the final recapitulations. Eddie Cantor is the only conspicuous example of an entertainer who takes his mail seriously.

The rest, without offering any very substantial reason, say that mail doesn't tell them anything.

WE may consider the salaries reported paid to the various acts as an index of popularity.

Amos 'n' Andy still head the list. Even their competitors will admit that their preëminence as an entertainment feature has never been seriously menaced. If their material has suffered its periods of slack tide, we have always known that presently it would flood again. And recently, when they pulled out of a spell of doldrums by letting Amos tear the hide off Andy at long last, a tremendous whoop went up all over the land. Newspapers wrote editorials and friends telephoned friends. It was, in all conscience, a national event.

There is not much wonder that the pair get $500,000 a year.

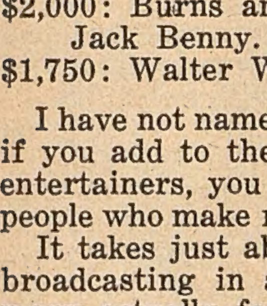
It must be remembered that Amos 'n' Andy put on a nightly show, while those listed hereinunder are grouped as of their earnings for one performance a week:

$5,000: Ed Wynn, Al Jolson, George M. Cohan, Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers.
$4,000: Lawrence Tibbett, Paul Whiteman.
$3,000: Kate Smith.
$2,500: Rudy Vallee.
$2,000: Burns and Allen, Fred Allen, Guy Lombardo, Jack Benny.
$1,750: Walter Winchell, Jack Pearl.

I have not named all the stars by any means. But even if you add to the list the names of your own favorite entertainers, you have assembled only a handful of the people who make radio.

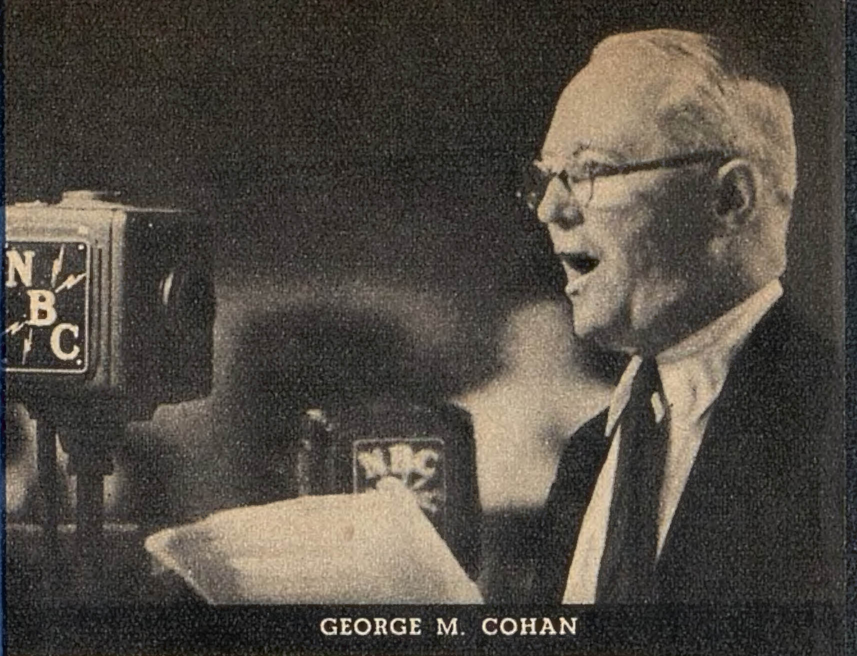
It takes just about 20,000 people to put on a week of broadcasting in all the studios of the country. That many actually face the microphone in one capacity or another.

What do they do? Well, here is an analysis that has been furnished by the National Broadcasting Company.



MORRIS MARKEY

wrote the much-discussed book, This Country of Ours, after visiting every state in his car. His other books are That's New York and The Band Plays Dixie. He is a Virginian by birth, was in France with the A. E. F., and last year went across Siberia to Manchuria.



GEORGE M. COHAN

FRED ALLEN

KATE SMITH

It shows how the time was apportioned on their two big networks, the Red and the Blue, for a recent month:

	Total		Per cent
	Hrs.	Min.	of total
Music	808	54	68.4
Drama and comedy	156	20	13.2
Lectures	74	40	6.3
Children's programs	53	10	4.6
Physical training	25	00	2.1
Monologues and fillers	21	42	1.8
Religion	19	05	1.6
Women's programs	11	52	1.0
Current news	7	02	0.6
Events (sports, etc.)	5	06	0.4

The Columbia system gives even a larger proportion of its time to music, the figure reading 78.1 per cent for a similar one-month period. As for the nature of the music, we have this table, both companies, one month—the figures denoting percentages of all the music broadcast:

Opera	3.6	Semiclassical and light	42.6
Classical	20.3	Dance	33.5

On this showing it is difficult to accuse the radio of cheapening, wholesale, the national taste in music. The only great figures of music who have persistently refused to play into the microphones are Rachmaninoff, Kreisler, and Paderewski.

So much for 75 per cent of radio's manifestation. It is the other 25 per cent of radio which directs itself, more or less, toward our minds, our thinking. It is the other 25 per cent which Napoleon or Cæsar would have given half a lifetime to possess. How, then, do we use it?

Something over half of it is employed by comedians and by dramatic sketches.

The comedians, with the single exception of Will

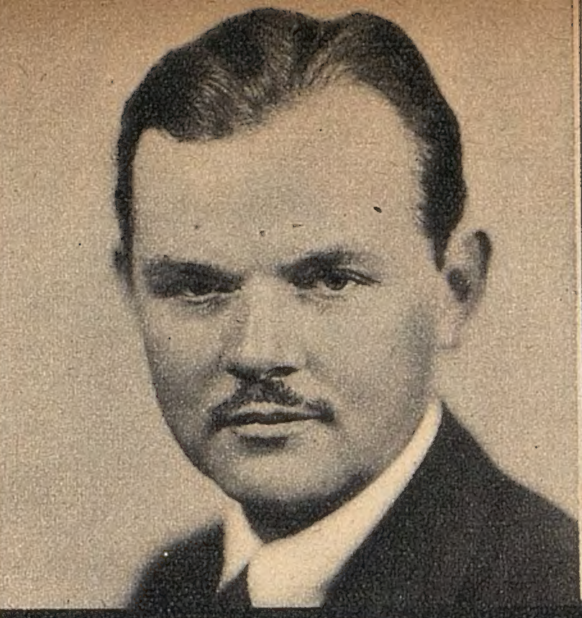
Rogers, need not engage our thoughts very earnestly. They are amiable fellows who make us laugh. Mr. Rogers belongs in a somewhat different category, since he engages to ply us with homely and shrewd observations upon the affairs of the day. It is certainly worth remarking that he wields a power in the land.

Looming even more impressive in this category, however, are the dramatic sketches—for it has been something of an axiom since time began that the play, however lightly amusing, has a force to bend the human mind.

I don't believe that even the widest application of this notion could embrace skits like the Goldbergs, and Myrt and Marge, or Detectives Black and Blue. They, and most of the others designed for adult entertainment, are innocuous to the point of almost complete emptiness.

BUT the material which is put out for the entertainment of children is something altogether different. A very great percentage of it is written by one man, who turns out as many as thirty-two sketches in a week. Under such pressure, his imagination is whipped to the straining point, and he stretches his fancy into wilder and more hair-raising yarns every day.

These lurid tales have a sinister effect upon youngsters, what with their kidnapings, vicious punishments, fabulously evil behavior. I have seen at least two children come screaming away from the loud-speaker as some favorite small heroine was about to be consumed in flames for something she didn't do. Three baby doctors have told me that these same playlets are working havoc with childish nerves everywhere.



LAWRENCE TIBBETT

WILL ROGERS

RUDY VALLEE

PAUL WHITEMAN

AL JOLSON

BURNS AND ALLEN

I talked to an official of one of the broadcasting companies on the subject, and here is what he said:

"I think they are worse than you do. It is our policy to exercise a general supervision over all the programs which are offered through our stations by advertisers, but we don't believe we should definitely censor a program unless it is definitely repulsive. The fact of the matter is that thousands and thousands of people think they like these children's playlets. They can at least be counted on to keep the kids quiet for an hour or so, and that is important to many mothers and fathers who are tired at the end of the day. These parents do not even listen to the programs, don't know what they are, but would be outraged if we changed them.

"I FOUND a solution for my family. My own daughter would perch in front of the radio every night, just as I got home, and insist on hearing the awful stuff. Yet I did not feel like ordering her to turn it off. That would have strengthened her desire to hear it. So I went out and bought a cheap little set, put it in her room, and told her she could go in there and shut the door and listen whenever she wanted to. She lasted about three days at it, and then gave up her sketches so she could be in the living room with us."

But let us get on now to a consideration of the most important aspect of all radio broadcasting—those hours when we sit and listen to the expression of ideas, tune our ears to the hum of great events.

We should include briefly under this heading the direct descriptions of great events in far places: the coronations and the superbly arranged Christmas programs from the Far East, the travelogues and the baptisms of princes. Up to the present stage of technical excellence, however, these affairs interest us chiefly because they are marvels of science. World reporting may tomorrow become a thing of great importance. It is not that quite yet. If the time ever comes when an honest reporter stands on a battlefield, lets us hear the crash of ordnance and the bitter cries of wounded men, then radio reporting will have realized its possibilities.

It is a commonplace to speak of the stunning use which Mr. Roosevelt has made of the radio during the worst crisis of American affairs. No political experience ever enjoyed by an American has had the warmth and intimacy of the President's voice speaking into every home of the land, posing the problems, telling what he intended to do about them, asking the support of the people in the pursuit of great measures. Never before have Americans been able to boast so genuine a citizenship.

JACK BENNY

Here was a crucial test involving the radio's capacity to move within the realm of ideas. Here was a crucial test of the crowd's ability to hear ideas without falling asleep, to absorb grave concepts in the ordinary homely atmosphere of everyday life. Thanks to a complete genius at the business of talking into a microphone, the test was won. I think, surely, that this will mean a new order in our political affairs, a new sort of President. Hereafter we will not be contented with an inarticulate or stuffy man before the microphone at Washington. We will be able to notice guff when we hear it.

SECOND only to the President himself in the weight of force he swings over the microphone is a phenomenal person, Father Coughlin. This Catholic priest numbers his listeners by the millions. In the larger cities taxicabs with receiving sets put signs in their windows, "Ride with me and hear Father Coughlin." The mail that he receives is probably a greater bulk than any one else, always excepting the White House, receives.

I am not going into the merits or the demerits of Father Coughlin. I haven't the faintest notion what I really think about him. I know that he has a golden Irish voice and is armed with a great sincerity. He is worth a thousand ward heelers and fifty thousand rabid admirers to the Washington administration. He has been, and will be, the center of violent arguments.

I wish merely to cite him as an example rather than an individual, and to reiterate what I have already said once or twice in this piece: the radio lends itself to sudden colossal fame in a medium where fame instantly means influence. That influence may swing the whole history of the nation, given the psychological moment and the ringing cry. I don't know very much about what is good for the nation and what is bad. I simply wish to remark in all humility that this is the sort of thing we must regard very carefully as the radio audience expands, as its dominion over our everyday thought increases, as men rise up suddenly to enter our homes and spread their ideas before us.

Returning to the steadier ground of simple facts, it remains to be told that Father Coughlin caused at least one revolution of policy in the broadcasting business. He came on the air at a time when stations were selling time to churches and religious speakers just as they were selling it to the manufacturers of canned soup. He was the first gentleman of the cloth to launch out upon the involved terrain of world affairs, and it soon developed that this was a little more than the broadcasters could handle in their stride. Their objection was not one of philosophy or of editorial policy. It was one of dollars and cents.

When Father Coughlin spoke, all the telephones at the studio were instantly crowded with calls. Telegraph boys made a traffic jam in the lounge. For people felt strongly about him, one way or the other, and wanted to say so. It became, or seemed to become, unprofitable to continue his programs, for the cost of extra switchboard and clerical help consumed ten times as much as the good father's fee for the use of the station.

WHEREUPON a policy generally acceptable was formulated and put into practice. All the big stations and most of the little ones agreed to give free time, regularly, to religious organizations and churches, stipulating that this time must be evenly divided among the great creeds, and that secular matters were better not discussed.

This worked out in satisfactory fashion for nearly everybody. And Father Coughlin organized his own independent chain, giving him an enormous audience from Maine to the Mississippi River.

JACK PEARL

The other people who deal with opinions are the news commentators. Nearly all of them have large followings, nearly all are capable newspapermen. The exigencies of their job are such that many of their interpretations of great events are hurried, and therefore ill-considered. They have moved, to a considerable extent, into the province of the newspaper editorial writer, and in that rôle they suffer from manifest disadvantages.

They are not associated with organizations, with journals of public opinion which have a definite political and social policy. They are solitaries on their jobs, which means that they are deprived of the advantages of consultation. They are not responsible to anything—to an institution, to a carefully wrought set of social or political beliefs—save the impact of the moment's news upon their immediate state of mind and feeling.

This has brought, now and again, some pretty wild stuff out of our loud-speakers. We have been regaled with feverish inferences which were almost immediately discredited by the newspapers. But the Hills and Carters and Kaltenborns manage to be stimulating on the whole. All of them talk well and know a story when they see one. There is no doubt at all that the daily press will devise some better way of dealing with the news by radio, and force the broadcasters to their viewpoint. Indeed, the press already has won its battles on the matter of spot news, and now has launched its weight against the indiscriminate and irresponsible interpretation.

It has been fashionable among the highbrows to scorn the radio. Well, you can like it or dislike it, but you can't very well scorn it. As a medium of entertainment it is good, because competition among themselves makes good entertainment vital from the broadcasters' viewpoint; and it is good also because it costs us so little, because sitting in an easy-chair and being amused demands so small an effort from us. On the other hand, it will be an evil thing if this eternal laziness of the human race is exploited to flood the land with cheap and lazy ideas. It will be a noble thing if men have wit and integrity enough to do their honest best before the microphones. At this moment we are waiting to see which will happen.

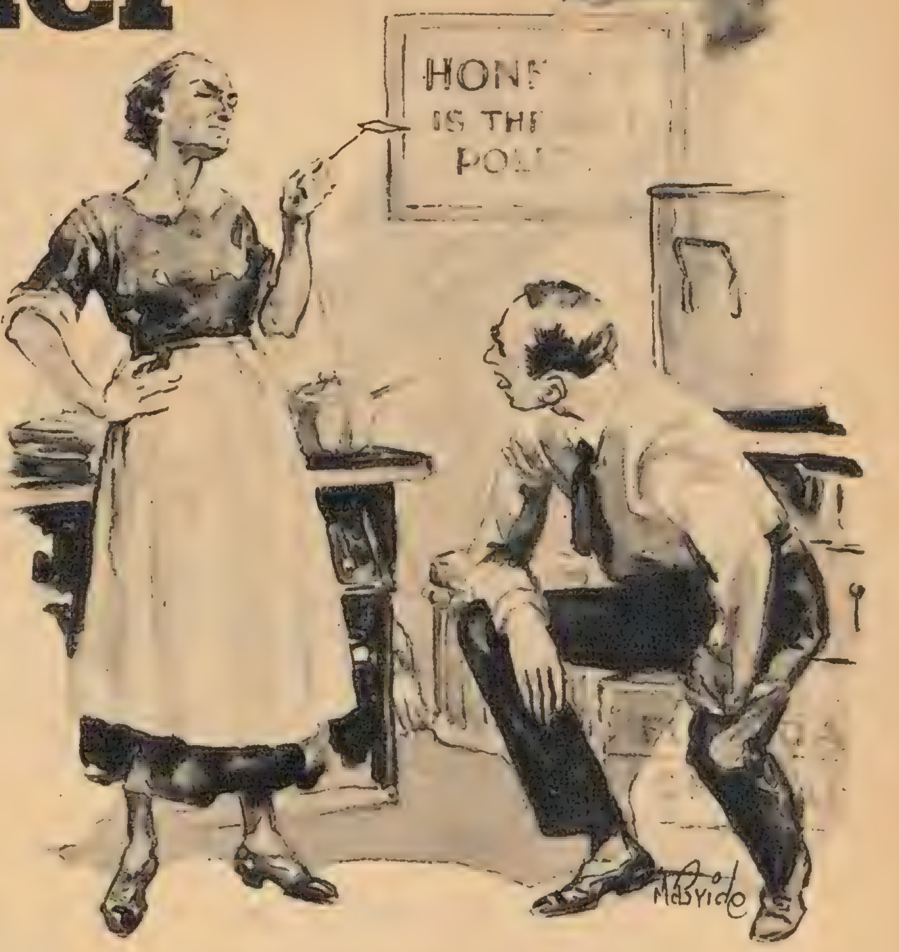
THE END

The Sampler

A Short Short Story

by EDGAR FRANKLIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS



HER lips a hard grim line, Mrs. Oliver Dodd shook her head and pointed silently with the pancake turner, pointed through the smoke of the sausages-and-buckwheats order straight at the framed sampler on the far wall of the dreadful little kitchen. Fifty years ago it had been worked by her Aunt Sarah and one could still discern in red worsted letters HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

"Baloney!" sneered Mr. Dodd. "What did honesty ever get me besides the chance to run this two-by-four restaurant and keep one hop ahead o' the sheriff? Anyhow, didn't the Bruce kid and his friend come in here yesterday and *ask* to get trimmed? Didn't I tell 'em my cousin George left me half his Red Eye Mine when he died last year, only the papers ain't come through yet? Ain't that true? Didn't they say that was good enough for them?"

Mrs. Dodd continued to point at the sampler.

"Bunk!" said Oliver Dodd. "Supposin' them courts out in California did say positive I ain't got a dime's worth o' rights in that silver mine, account of George not being responsible when he made his will, should I mention that if this Bruce sucker knows all about it from his brother out there and is willing to pay me three thousand dollars for my interest, just as it stands?"

Minnie, the one waitress, came in with word that Mr. Bruce and that other gentleman were waiting. Mr. Dodd, his smile all evil, put on his coat and started for the door; but he did pause for a last leer at the sampler.

"*Nerts*," said Mr. Dodd, "to *you!*"

Mr. Bruce was waiting with his tall friend, Carter. Well, had Mr. Dodd decided to sell? Mr. Dodd had. Fine! Everything could be settled here and now, for Bruce wanted to catch the afternoon train for California and he'd brought along the cash and the assignment. Would Mr. Dodd read the latter?

Looking decently solemn, Mr. Dodd did. It was all whereases and hereinbefore-mentioneds, but it certainly sold, assigned, transferred, and set over all Oliver Dodd's title, present and future, in the Red Eye Mine. He had a job keeping his face straight when he thought what that amounted to. He gave very special attention to the clause which specified that this sale was absolute and final, with no comebacks from anybody, for any cause.

Then they trooped next door to the notary and got the thing legally signed. Mr. Bruce gave Dodd his copy and six new five-hundred-dollar bills, shook hands, and hurried away with his friend.

Back at the cashier's desk, Dodd found that he was perspiring. He wondered what happens to a man who takes three thousand dollars for exactly nothing at all.

He jumped when big Joe Phelan, the headquarters detective, stopped in a moment later for his cup of coffee. Friend or no friend, Joe was a cop! Dodd always went and sat with him; he did so now.

"That long-legged guy you was just saying good-by to out there, Dodd, who was that?" Phelan queried.

"Him? Carter's the name. Comes from upstate."

"Know him pretty well?"

"Met him yesterday first time. Why?"

"That long one looked kind o' like a guy named Estey that was with the Ross mob last year. The federal dicks are busting this town wide open right now, trying to round up them Ross boys."

"Yeah?" said Dodd, and with another start turned to the telegraph boy. Wires rarely came to him.

Phelan, politely inattentive, munched his doughnut and sipped his coffee while Dodd ripped the envelope and read slowly. Then a queer small gasp rattled out of Dodd. He turned a pale putty color.

"Oh!" he choked out. "Oh—my God! Oh—"

"Luvva Mike!" Phelan said. "Who died, kid?"

Mr. Dodd gripped the table. Behind his blank eyes a thought struggled hard to take shape.

"Joe!" he cackled absurdly. "This Ross mob—what'd they do?"

"Huh?" Phelan lowered his voice. "They cracked a post office last week, Dodd. Ten grand in stamps, seven money-order pads, and two sacks of registered mail, all in a lump. Keep it under your hat."

"Yeah—yeah, sure," Dodd gurgled. He was on his feet now, dimly aware that the dozen customers were staring at him, dimly realizing that somewhere, somehow, he must get out of sight. Blind instinct started him for the kitchen. In there he stood for a moment, mouth open, swaying dizzily, unperceived by Mrs. Dodd, who was just then dropping two small steaks on the broiler. Then things cleared a little. He was looking straight at it: HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

OLIVER DODD'S shaking fingers closed on the handle of the old wooden potato masher. And there was a strangling awful little scream and then a crash as the potato masher was hurled straight at the sampler and bits of glass flew all over the kitchen.

Out at his table Phelan was twitching Dodd's telegram around so that he could see who had died. The message, from Fresno, California, read:

PLEASE ACKNOWLEDGE OUR REGISTERED LETTER OF LAST WEEK ADVISING YOU THAT COURTS HAVE REVERSED DECISION AND YOUR TITLE TO HALF INTEREST IN RED EYE MINE IS NOW ENTIRELY CLEAR STOP ALSO KINDLY ADVISE IF YOU WISH US TO ACCEPT OFFER OF FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR YOUR SHARE AS DESCRIBED IN LETTER OR HOLD OUT FOR HIGHER FIGURE STOP BELIEVE WE MAY BE ABLE TO GET YOU FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS STOP PLEASE WIRE REPLY IMMEDIATELY
BARNES BARNES AND BARNES

"Can you tie that!" Phelan muttered. "Well, I'm certainly glad for Dodd's sake. A right guy, honest as the day is long! Always on the level!"

THE END

FIVE CENTS EXTRA

The Air Mail and the Army . . . A Flyer, a Girl, and a Kiss . . . Adventure Aloft and a Surprise Below . . . Here's a Tale of Up-to-the-Minute Excitements

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

LIEUTENANT T. A. WILLARD, Army Air Corps, U. S. A., brought his plane into the Cleveland Airport and taxied up to the rude buildings and tents put together for mechanical and administrative purposes in connection with the Army Air Mail. Unfastening his parachute, he flicked off his gloves, blew on his chilled hands, and slid his six feet of twenty-two-year-old soldier to the comfortable security of the ground. A sergeant and his men quickly transferred the mail while Lieutenant Willard lit a cigarette and walked slowly and leisurely over to the administration offices to report to the operations officer on duty.

He was thin as a rail. His long oval face had the smoothness of alabaster, pale, idealistic. The smoke from his cigarette floated up past a slightly tipped nose. In the sun of a February morning his hair reflected a blue-black sheen.

The administration offices gave evidence of activity and some confusion. Route maps, notices, weather reports, radio reports, and instructions to pilots were prominently displayed. Lieutenant Willard passed the Gold Medal cot on which he had slept last night.

He stood for a moment outside Captain Tancred's door. The captain was talking to Colonel Lansing, the officer commanding the Eastern Army Air Mail Zone.

"Come in, Tommy."

Willard tensed his tired body and stood at attention.

"Colonel, this is Lieutenant Willard. He's been doing a workmanlike job pushing the mail crates through on time."

"Congratulations, lieutenant." The colonel offered a firm, muscular hand.

"Thank you, sir."

Tancred said: "You might be interested to know that Lieutenant Willard has a brother in the civil air mail service. Formerly an Army Air Corps officer. He went after the bigger money," Tancred explained, turning his attention on Willard. "How d'you feel, Tommy?"

"Fine, sir."

"You'll have to go back tonight, Tommy. Bishop was held up at Iowa City last night and won't be in for his spot on schedule."

Tommy saluted and went out. Above his locker was a letter from his friend Lieutenant Eric McKaig, flying mail from Burbank, California, to Salt Lake City, Utah. He divested himself of his heavier clothes and flopped down on the cot to read it.

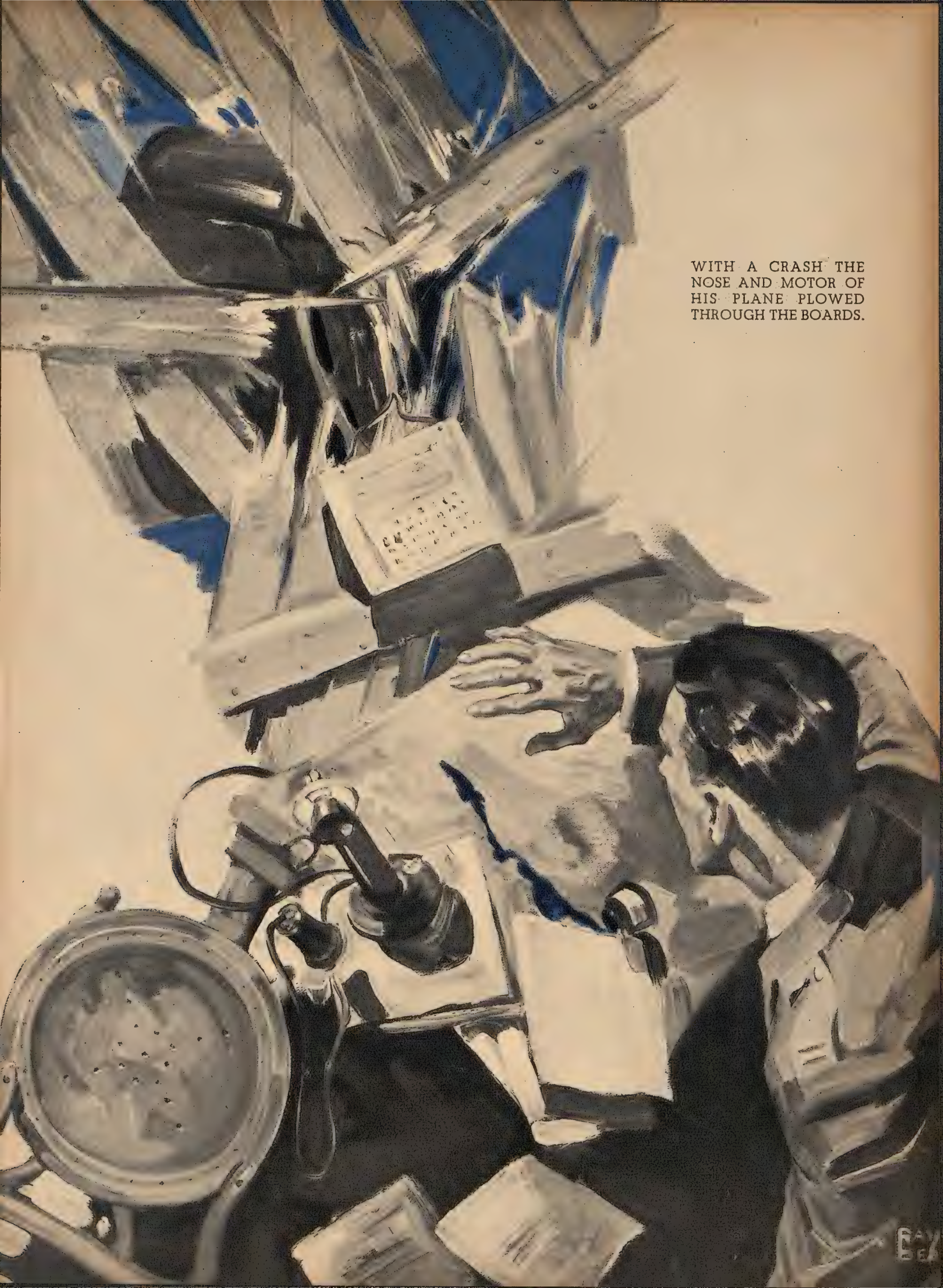
"Having a swell time with this mail job. Told you my marriage had to be postponed, but Kathleen will be Mrs. McKaig by the time you read this—if all goes well. Never thought it was possible for a man to so idolize a woman. Are you still in love with Vera?"

The letter, the hand and arm holding it, dropped like a plummet over the edge of Tommy's cot. Vera! His memories of her stretched back into the remote past—two years—and so much of her had entered into his goings and comings, his decisions, aims, ambitions, that already he felt that he had suffered all the torments touching a man's heart and was old beyond his years.

The day he first met her at Dayton! She was only eighteen then, and had fair, almost transparent cheeks, which colored easily. He remembered a walk they had taken when he had racked his brain to find which of the shy wild flowers she most closely resembled. He had finally decided on the poppy—the rich tangerine kind—possibly because of her vividness, her spun-auburn hair, gray-green eyes.

She was visiting Dayton and staying with her aunt, a queer old lady, supposedly very rich. Vera herself came from Brooklyn, New York.

by LLEWELLYN HUGHES



WITH A CRASH THE NOSE AND MOTOR OF HIS PLANE PLOWED THROUGH THE BOARDS.

It was hard to believe that she was a product of any town. She seemed to belong to some Highland glen.

And yet, curiously, she was advanced in worldly knowledge and sophisticated chatter.

She quite floored Tommy with "smart talk"; discussed books and plays he had never heard of, and jumped into the intimate details of nature, biology, where angels should fear to tread. Tommy's replies had been a series of stammerings, and she had laughed uproariously at him.

It was at Dayton, too, she first met his brother Earl; shortly before he quit the army. Vera and Earl got along famously from the start; and Tommy sustained his first heart stroke when at the railway station, as Earl was leaving for Newark, New Jersey, Vera flung impulsive arms around his brother's neck and kissed him good-by!

"Don't be a sap," his brother had told him at parting. "I'll soon be earning eight hundred dollars a month as transcontinental air mail pilot. Compare that with the two twenty-five you draw from Uncle Sam—and help yourself to a headache!"

Tommy said resolutely: "I didn't come into this thing entirely for the money. There's such a thing as loyalty to the corps—but you wouldn't understand!"

"All right, kid. Every man to his own funeral."

LLEWELLYN HUGHES

who was born in Wales, spent two years surveying in the Canadian Northwest. He served overseas with the Dominion artillery, and subsequently settled in New York to write fiction. He is the author of a number of short stories and has spent some time in Hollywood.

Tommy admired Earl tremendously, and yet would dearly like to punch the head off him!

"Aw, the hell with that stuff!" Earl would growl. For Tommy, who argued with him once or twice a week, always dogmatically stood by his idealistic aims in connection with the Army Air Corps. "The administration has thrown out of legitimate employment thousands of good self-respecting and self-supporting citizens! Say, listen, kid. Get this in your noodle. Commercial aviation in the U. S. led the world! You guys are being sacrificed to make a Roman holiday out of the deliberate ruthless destruction of a great American industry!"

"That's the President's business. Mine is to fly when and where I am told. We'll make good on the job."

"Yes you will—like a pig's foot!"

"On schedule, too. The only advantage you have over us, Earl, is in ships and experience. In other ways I think we've got it over you."

"For instance?"

"Morale. Zest for work. Following our orders to the letter. We are accustomed to doing what we are told. Personal safety comes second."

Earl Willard waved this aside. "All right," he agreed. "The mail must go through. That's your slogan, and that was our slogan—with the addition of one more word: The mail must go through *safely*."

"It will go through safely."

Earl grinned. "Yeah? Read the sad news in the papers, kid; read it in the papers!"

"You fellows haven't a clean slate on that score—not by any means," Tommy flung back.

Earl nodded carelessly. "But your job is to defend the nation—"

"Our job is to obey the President's executive order!"

THERE was, as might be expected, a rumble of dissension between the army and civil air mail factions everywhere.

Lying on his cot, Tommy could hear arguments pro and con (mostly pro) in the administration offices around him.

He couldn't sleep. Vera! He again saw her clearly as he had sat lunching with her yesterday near the Newark Airport, where she worked—still worked, although the commercial end of the air mail in which she was employed had been temporarily discontinued.

"You're such an idealist, Tommy!" she laughed. "There are times when I long to take care of you—mother you. Such a poor little boy, determined to do his duty—flying over treacherous routes, across cruel jagged mountains, with his brave little face always glued to the front. It's a shame!"

"I wish to God you'd cut out that sort of thing, Vera! What's the matter with my face?"

"There isn't a line in it."

"Now we're coming back to Earl," he taunted her.

"I love Earl's face. Every line and furrow full of masculine character. He hasn't written to me lately. I wonder why." She spoke in a pretty, soft, clipped voice. "Maybe it's because he's lost his job—thanks," she added with picturesque spite, "to you."

The gibe so plunged him into gloom that she burst out laughing.

HE could hear it now as he tossed on his cot. With a muffled oath he sprang to his feet, flung on his leather coat and overseas cap, and tramped out to the small refreshment hut on the edge of the airport. The place was crowded with soldier mechanics, pilots, and stray visitors. Tommy gave an order, then lent casual ear to the conversation.

"I've seen Earl Willard come into this airport in a fog so thick that the hangar lights a few yards away from him barely could be seen. There isn't an Army Air Corps pilot living that could do that!"

"You're haywire! The first man who ever landed 'blind,' by instruments, was an Air Corps officer."

The man changed his tone. "Important letters have to be delivered on time," he said. "A pilot like Willard gets the mail to its destination in good weather or bad. It'll take the army five years to learn that—and in the meantime what's going to happen to the air mail service?"

Tommy finished his ham and eggs, paid the bill, and went out. Vera had asked him to deliver a message to his brother.

He found him admiring the graceful lines of the new Douglas transport of the T. W. A.

"Here's the crate you army guys ought to fly—if you've got to horn in on this job. Take a squint at this instrument board."

The plane was equipped with the latest radio set, had an ice detector, a de-icer, up-to-the-minute navigational aids.

"Swell," Tommy decided. "It must be a joy to fly a ship like this, particularly in a storm."

"It is," said Earl. "You guys are way behind the times."

"Listen, you dumbbell!" Tommy retaliated. "Can't you fellows get it into your fool heads that we have to carry military accessories—guns, bombs, cameras—all major considerations? We invented these other gadgets, but we can't get the money to put them in our ships. All this crying and squabbling about cutting down on expenses! Scrap the army! Scrap the navy! Then you sneer at us for not having sufficient hours in the air! You boast that you won't even hire one of your co-pilots with less than fourteen hundred hours, while the young fellows among us only have four hundred. Dammit! d'you know why? We haven't had sufficient gas! We've been *forced* to cut down on our flying hours."

"All right, kid—don't get hot under the collar," Earl Willard told him. "I know all that. That's why I was wise enough to get out of the army. I told you in Dayton you were a sucker to stay on; and now I guess you realize it." He flung an arm around his brother's shoulder. "All right, kid, let's go. We'll have dinner together, anyway."

"I'm taking the mail to Newark at six thirty."

Earl whistled, automatically shot a quick look at the sky, then swore like a longshoreman. "Sending out a kid like you on a—" His dark looks vanished and his face presented a wholly artificial grin. "Come on over to the bungalow," he said. "Want to talk to you."

Earl Willard was a big fellow with a furrowed brow and a face so often exposed to the elements that it had a leathery texture and a burnt-in brownness. His hair was a dark unruly mop.

(Continued on page sixteen)

STUDEBAKERS HAVE *PROVED* THEY CAN "TAKE IT"

15,000 MILES IN 15 DAYS!

This stock Studebaker Dictator, a St. Regis sedan model, started at Toronto May 13 and finished at Toronto May 28 after covering 15,000 tortuous miles. What a proof of Studebaker stamina!

STUDEBAKER
STUDEBAKER
15000 MILES
IN 15 DAYS

COVERED 60,163 MILES IN 60 DAYS

They were road miles—in a new 1934 Studebaker—not laboratory miles. And the test was conducted not by Studebaker but by an oil company. Above you see Prof. R. L. Daugherty, California Institute of Technology, with a micrometer, measuring condition of cylinders at the end of the 60-day test. He found wear almost negligible, in fact so infinitesimal that car undoubtedly could have gone another 60,000 miles without any cylinder reboring.

SEE HOW MUCH MORE THEY GIVE YOU ... YET THEY'RE PRICED $265 TO $755 LOWER THAN LAST YEAR!

PRACTICALLY all cars are higher in price today than last year—but *not* Studebakers! The new skyway style Studebakers of 1934 are finer than the finest cars ever built by Studebaker before. And they're priced $265 to $755 less. Give yourself the advantage of Studebaker ownership *now* while it's so inexpensive to do so. Arrange for a thrilling, convincing Studebaker trial drive.

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FREIGHT ONLY FROM WALKERVILLE TO BE ADDED

THIS YEAR'S MOST WIDELY ADMIRED STREAMLINING

There's nothing faddish or freakish about Studebaker's skyway style. It's true aerodynamic design that's pleasing to eye and yet distinctively and refreshingly different. You can be sure it will be good style for years.

Skyway style **STUDEBAKERS**

(Continued from page fourteen)

Save for the slate-gray eyes, the one other apparent similarity between Earl and Tommy lay in the tipped-up end of their noses.

"See Vera?" Earl asked.

"Yes."

"Cute little trick. I'm liable to put her in my pocket some day."

Tommy knew very well what Earl meant by putting her in his pocket, for he had heard him use the same expression about other girls whose photographs cluttered up his bedroom. Under the circumstances it was hard to deliver Vera's message, and he purposely garbled it:

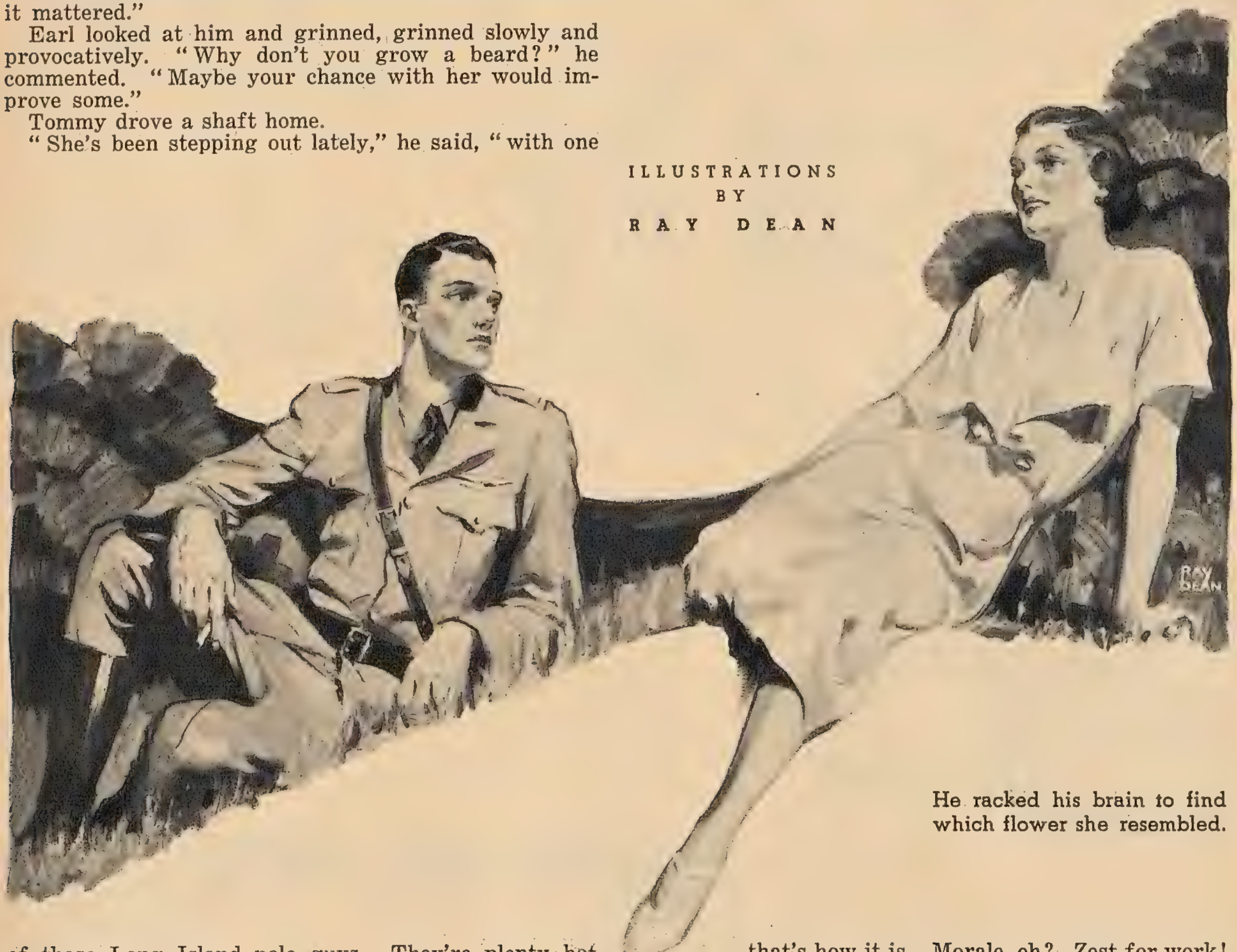
"She said she hadn't heard from you lately—not that it mattered."

Earl looked at him and grinned, grinned slowly and provocatively. "Why don't you grow a beard?" he commented. "Maybe your chance with her would improve some."

Tommy drove a shaft home.

"She's been stepping out lately," he said, "with one of those Long Island polo guys. They're plenty hot. And she's bought a new car. Her aunt in Dayton died and left her twenty-five thousand dollars."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY DEAN



He racked his brain to find which flower she resembled.

"The hell you say!" Earl sobered. "Well, now, I'll have to look into that little matter right away."

On their arrival at the bungalow, Earl dumped his two hundred pounds on a flimsy chair, reached for a pen and paper, and began a letter.

On the table was a typewriter. Tommy sat down at it and commenced a reply to McKaig. The sound of tearing paper several times reached Tommy's ears. Then, abruptly, noisily, Earl left the house without a word. Tommy went on typing.

A man he didn't know opened the door. "Earl in?"

"No; he just stepped out."

"Well, tell him we just heard another of them army flyers—" He stopped and stared at Tommy. "You're in the Army Air Corps, aren't you?"

"Y-yes."

"One of your boys smacked a peak this morning in the Granite Mountains west of Salt Lake City. Fellow named McKaig. He got the mail out before she burned, but was frozen when they found him."

For a long time Tommy could see nothing. Then he found himself staring at some words he had typed on a sheet of paper in front of him:

"I know you and Kathleen will be awfully happy."

At once he was sobbing—cutting his face as it blindly fetched up against the typewriter.

He heard a step behind him and felt the rough grasp of a hand on his shoulder.

"What the hell is the trouble, kid?"

Tommy wrenched himself free, went to the window. Earl followed and swung him around savagely.

"What's wrong, Tommy?"

"Nothing."

Earl subjected him to a penetrating scrutiny. "So that's how it is. Morale, eh? Zest for work! Accustomed to doing what you are told!"

"It's not that—damn you!"

Earl narrowed his slate-gray eyes. "That," he insisted, "and something else. And before I'd let a girl get me down that way I'd jump off a cliff."

Tommy was trembling with a sickening rage. "God!" he half sobbed, "how I'd like to knock the teeth down your throat!"

"Go ahead and try it."

"You're plain dumb!" Tommy shouted at him hoarsely. "A dumbbell and a windbag!"

He slumped on the couch. For a while he sat there in silence. The quiet was invaded by the scratchy sound of a pen, then a rustle of paper and the thump of a fist on the blotting pad.

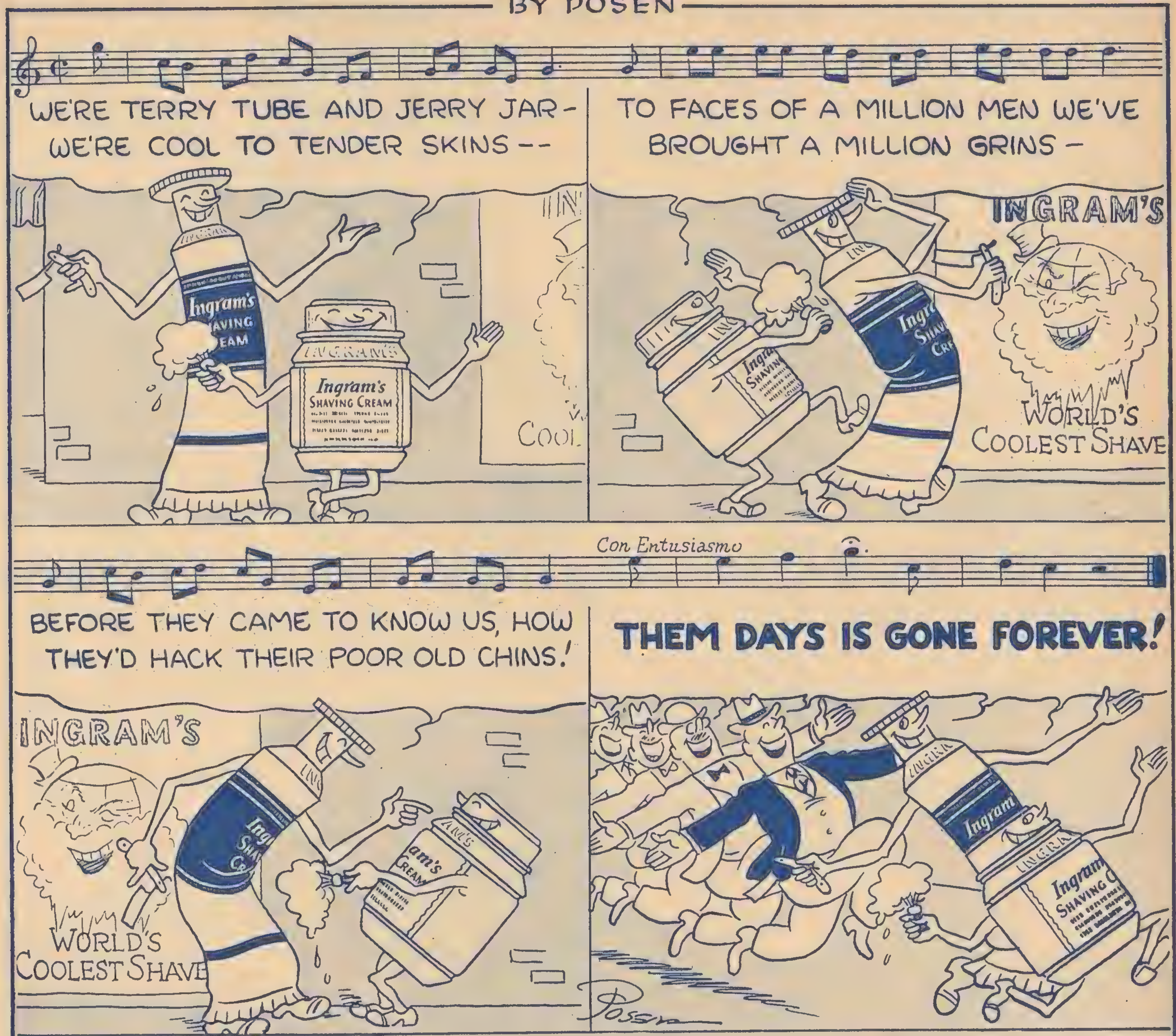
Again, abruptly, Earl Willard went out. "Wait here," he ordered. "Want to have a talk with you."

Tommy got to his feet with the intention of going back to his own quarters. Curiosity, apprehension, dread caused him to glance at his brother's writing desk and the sealed letter prominently displayed there. It was, he saw, addressed to "Miss Vera Haskell, Newark Airport, N. J."

(Continued on page eighteen)

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER

BY POSEN


WE'RE TERRY TUBE AND JERRY JAR- WE'RE COOL TO TENDER SKINS --
Ingram's SHAVING CREAM
INGRAM'S
Ingram's SHAVING CREAM
COOL
TO FACES OF A MILLION MEN WE'VE BROUGHT A MILLION GRINS -
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BEFORE THEY CAME TO KNOW US, HOW THEY'D HACK THEIR POOR OLD CHINS!
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STREET____________________

CITY__________ PROV.__________

(Continued from page sixteen) A voice inside Tommy repeated almost every word that he supposed was in the letter: "I came in just now and found him bawling his head off. I agree with you they shouldn't send kids like him out on a man's errand. Honey, I'm coming East in a day or so, and I've got something important to say to you."

Before he knew what he had done, Tommy had the letter in his hands. The door was flung open and there stood Earl, looking at him. "Collecting the mail?" he grinned.

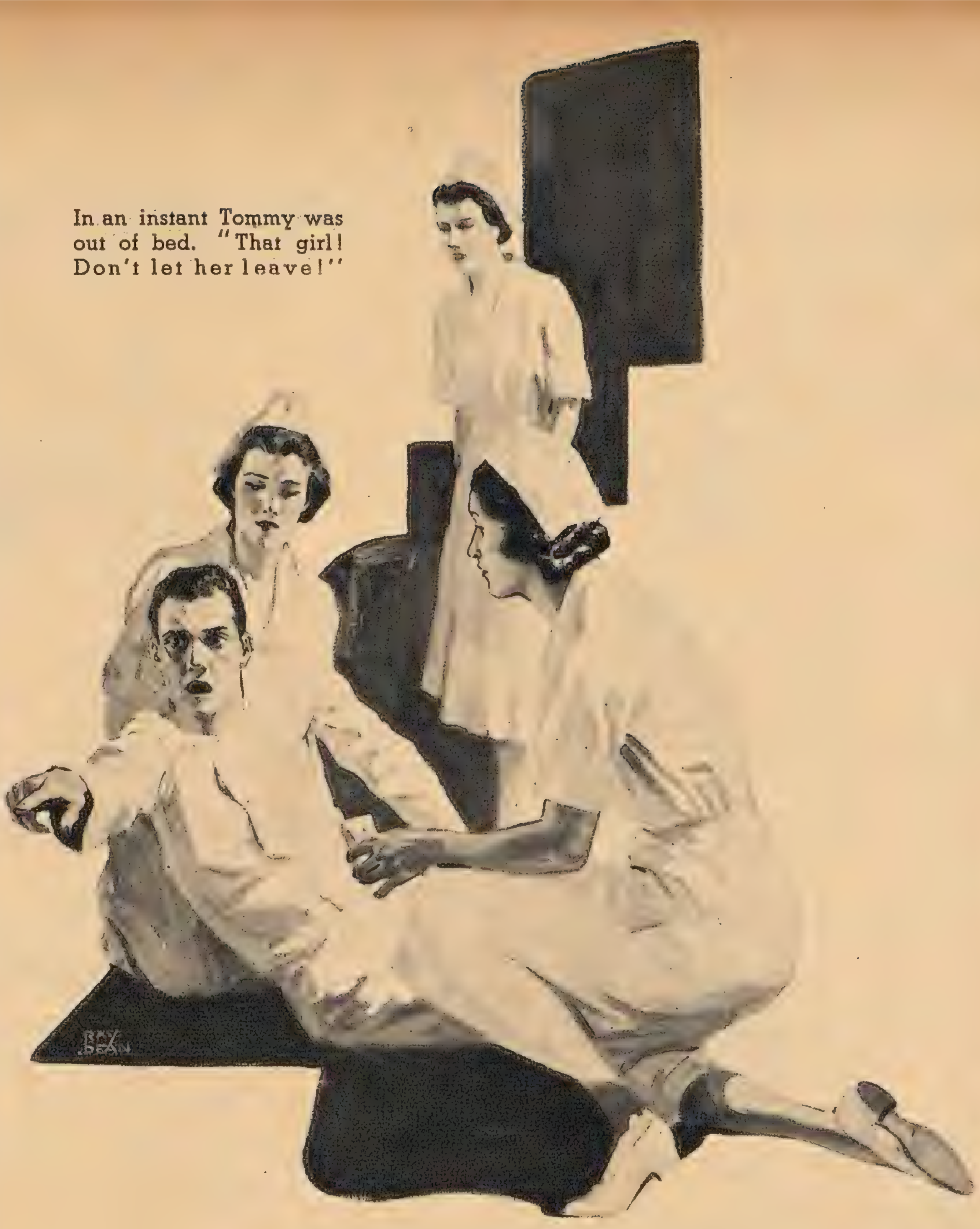
"I thought I'd take it along with me," Tommy explained. "I'm flying right where it's addressed to."

"Take a look at the stamp. Three cents postage. That's all I can afford right now"—he winked—"being out of employment."

Tommy flung a nickel. "Here's five cents extra."

Earl paid no attention to the coin. "Listen! I wouldn't trust any letter of mine by air mail—not while you army mules are flying it."

Tommy had a flash of Eric McKaig's body twisted in a wrecked plane as, with fists clenched, he hurled himself on his brother. He got one good smack home, closed in, wrestled around, upsetting chairs, the desk, the typewriter, driving in desperate punches and aiming for Earl's mid-section. Then he was hit on the point of the chin by a fist that connected like a three-inch shell!



In an instant Tommy was out of bed. "That girl! Don't let her leave!"

When he came to, Earl was wetting his face with a cold damp towel. "Atta boy! You're all right now."

"You wait!" Tommy threatened, trying to rise.

Earl pushed him back. "You've got plenty of time before you take off," he said. "Now listen to me. Ride the beacons, and when you hit the Alleghenies—"

"I want no advice from you—"

"Yes you do. Pay attention, kid."

With all his strength Tommy pushed him aside, got to his feet, and went to the door. "If I never see you again"—he didn't know what he was saying—"it'll be too soon!"

A LITTLE knot of soldier mechanics, army air pilots, and sight-seers were gathered in the thickening February gloom around an open two-seater army plane. Lieutenant T. A. Willard had his final instructions from Captain Tancred and was in the cockpit.

A figure emerged from the gloom, reached up a hand, and grasped the sleeve of his flying coat.

"Use that radio of yours all you can, kid," he instructed. "I know it's limited. If it gets too tight, don't forget you sit on a safety pack. It's a lot safer coming down in a chute."

"The damn' chute won't do me a bit of good with the mail on board. That's something we can't desert."

"Keep in touch with your ground stations—and start going up after you pass the beacon near Millport—the radioman there will let you know. Go up to ten thousand, and stay there till you see the lights of Altoona."

"Beat it—you big bum!"

In the dark Tommy saw the flash of his brother's white teeth in a broad grin.

"And listen," he said finally. "Go careful with that mail. I took a chance and used that five cents extra. Thought you might like to carry my opinion of you along with you."

Tommy cut off the sound of his voice by a pressure on the gas lever. The chocks were yanked away. In a few minutes he was in the air. A sob came from his throat. The Granite Mountains! A shapeless broken plane, and grotesquely frozen in it—Eric!

Tommy glanced at his grinning instrument board. Three thousand. The terrain under him was an infinite sepia sprinkled with dots and odd flashes of light. Four thousand now.

Vera. God! What a joke fate was playing on him! After all his dreams! Here he was flying the mail over an unfamiliar route, over a jealous mountain range ready to take quick and rapacious advantage of his slightest mistake; pitting all his mental and physical forces against treacherous air currents, fog, snow, to *bring her a letter from his brother*—a letter not only accusing him of having a yellow streak (and the fact that Earl's judgment was wrong would make little difference) but a letter undoubtedly containing a message of love!

His throat tightened. Suddenly, as through a black-paper wall, he heard the voice of a ground station, dully realizing that he was dead on the route.

Beacons crept back to him, shot past, and were gone. The report from Millbank wasn't so good.

The station cut in: "Wing six to Willard. Wing six to Willard. Weather—zero, zero, Newark; low overcast in Alleghenies; peaks in clouds; snow squall. Go ahead, Willard. Acknowledge."

"Acknowledge—hell," Tommy said to himself. "Doesn't the mug know I haven't any transmitter?"

Tommy put her nose up in a steady climb, as his brother had directed, and watched his altimeter read 9,000—9,500—10,000. He was so numbed with cold he couldn't feel his fingers in his gloves.

ALL at once he was sprayed with snow and sleet! A diffused splash of milky light came up from somewhere, and once past it he knew he was in the heart of the mountains. In twenty miles he ought to catch a faint glow from the next beacon, and anxiously he watched his speed and the clock.

When his instruments told him he must surely be over the second mountain beacon, there was not the faintest ray of light from below. An impenetrable domain of snow and sleet! With every additional second as he flew on—his face now a mask of ice, his gyro instruments suddenly clogging up and failing to function in the snow—he knew instinctively that he was lost! He was conscious of one second of searing panic. Then, instantaneously, there followed a blessed calm. Ah! Here, surely, was where he had it over Earl, for all his brother's flying experience! Personal safety? The hell with it!

But—stupidly lost! Just a greenhorn! If he turned back or milled around he wouldn't have gas to make Newark. Tommy decided to go on and chance it. Get there on schedule, for all the ice and snow and cold! His heart gave a prodigious leap. In the flash from his exhaust he saw the blackish rocks, the side, the maw of a mountain! Frozen as he was, he felt the sweat pour out at the roots of his hair.

There was an insatiable longing to close his eyes and, whatever unknown danger was approaching him at blinding speed, meet it that way. But he kept his frozen lashes apart, his eyes open, and to his vast relief, after what seemed an hour of it, the snow gave way to mist, the mist to a drizzling rain. Far below him, away to the *left*, were the lights of Altoona.

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TODAY . . . . . the beauty right of every woman . . .

No man can resist the glamour of a woman's lovely skin!

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The same 25-cent quality you have always known in Woodbury's Facial Soap is now yours... for just 10 cents.

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MADE IN CANADA

"Good Lord!" he thought. "At least twenty miles off my course. If Earl knew about *that!*"

He swung over, came down, found his radio still in order, got back on the route, and heard the ground station.

It was, he long afterward realized, the inadequacy of his radio that led him directly into disaster. He was suddenly in a blanket of pea-soup fog before he could contact the ground station at Newark. The moment their radio message reached his ears, it was too late for Tommy to take advantage of it. The gist of their warning was: "Don't try to land at Newark. Fog dense over airport. Try Mitchel Field or Hadley."

By this time Tommy's old-fashioned compass had begun to spin. The intense cold of the mountains seemed to have penetrated his brain, jelled it, robbed it of all reasoning power. His ship felt heavy as lead. He turned off right, trusting he was heading south. Not the veriest glint of light could be seen from below, and he could have sworn he was inside a vault of fog, was suspended there, stationary, despite the grinning 90 m. p. h. on his speedometer. He was afraid to come lower than 2,500; and half an hour later the same ground station at Newark again contacted him. He had been going round in a circle!

"By the sound of you, you're back almost over the airport again. What's your altimeter say?"

TOMMY was at 2,300, but he couldn't give them the information.

"Isn't it clear there?"

The dumbbells! The nitwits! Didn't they understand he couldn't talk to them? Was it clear? "No!" he shouted downward through the solid fog. "And if you want to know it I'm all clogged up with ice—heavier than a ton of bricks!"

"Don't try and come down, Willard! Don't—for God's sake!"

"That's just what I'm going to do," Tommy vainly yelled back at them. "*I've got to come down.*"

"Here—wait. There's a girl wants to speak to you."

Tommy heard a girl's voice, distorted in a pent-up scream:

"Tommy—don't—don't try it!"

Vera!

For a moment all contact with the ground seemed cut off. "Listen," came a voice. "As near as we can judge, you're half a mile left of the airport at an angle of forty-five degrees from us right now—" The voice trailed away, and over the radio came a confusion of shoutings, orders, instructions, muffled voices, a girl sobbing.

"Tommy—"

He came down, encountering no obstacle, and when he was two hundred feet up the fog suddenly burst into a sea

$50 Honest Opinion Prize Winners

[FIFTH WEEK]

$15 FIRST PRIZE
MIDSHIPMAN ROSS R. HIRSHFELD
1301 Bancroft Hall, Annapolis, Md.

$10 SECOND PRIZE
FRANK G. MENKE
Universal Service, Inc., 235 E. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

$5 THIRD PRIZE
EDWARD BIELE
Guarantee Title Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

TWENTY $1 PRIZES

H. N. Webster, 70 Oriental St., Newark, N. J.; I. E. Wharton, 701 Magnolia Bldg., Dallas, Tex.; R. L. Reenstjerna, 645 Leavenworth St., San Francisco, Calif.; J. W. Nicholson, 218 12th Ave. N., St. Petersburg, Fla.; F. H. Higgins, Hotel Seneca, Peoria, Ill.; George Jung, Pleasant Dale, Neb.; Frances Werschinger, 601 W. 168th St., New York, N. Y.; Edna Horne, 1345 E. Lee St., Pensacola, Fla.; Robert C. Foster, Courthouse, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. G. L. McIntyre, Box 475, Las Vegas, Nev.; E. J. Shaw, Jr., 309 S. Chaparral St., Corpus Christi, Tex.; Raymond E. Jones, 2219 Grantland Ave., Nashville, Tenn.; Olga Wulff, 114 E. 84th St., New York, N. Y.; G. D. Crissman, 360 Lincoln Ave., Council Bluffs, Ia.; H. P. Craig-McFeely, 726 Castro St., Oakland, Calif.; Robert L. Pedler, 342 Ames St., Lawrence, Mass.; Esther C. Manar, 501 W. Grand St., McAlester, Okla.; Mrs. C. A. Causey, R. R. 1, Bremerton, Wash.; Leroy M. Rinard, 310 W. Ash St., Salina, Kan.; M. Edward Williams, Continental Baking Co., 285 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Look what Goodyear has done to its lower-price tire, the PATHFINDER! See those big, husky blocks of Goodyear long-wearing rubber right in the centre of the tread where the tire meets the road. They give safer grip, more pull, better braking power. See those wide riding ribs for smoothness and silence. See the flat, broad-shouldered tread for slower wear — longer, safe mileage.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE O

of creamlike foam and he was flying in a thick aura of light. Instantly he cut his switches. The landing field must be somewhere around that light! The light increased, suddenly dazzled him. The first bounce of his wheels from the ground, and he saw that a smash-up was unavoidable. With a sickening crash he ran right into the side of one of the administration huts. The nose and motor of his plane plowed through the boards, both wings snapped off like matchwood, and the ship keeled over. An excruciating pain shot up his right leg and settled hellishly between his eyes. . . .

Somebody with auburn hair and tear-dimmed eyes was bending over him.

" Who—was the—" Vaguely he saw he was in a hospital and, wonder of wonders, the vision bending over him was Vera! Good God, she was crying! For him? Incredible! His brain went feverish on the instant.

" Did you— The mail? "

" It was safe."

" You got Earl's letter? "

Again the tears came to her eyes. " Yes."

" Well—don't believe him." He started raving at the top of his voice. " Every word he wrote in that letter was a damned lie! "

She started, stared at him, and got to her feet, a crumpled letter in her hand.

A startling thing happened. She laid the letter on the table, and without a further look at him she walked quickly out of the room. It was several moments later before Tommy's stupefied and half-conscious eyes were focused on the letter she had left behind.

ABSENTLY he stretched an arm in its direction, brought it in front of him.

". . . a swell kid. If you miss the chance to grab him you'll be making the saddest mistake of your young life. He loves you so much it's a shame to keep you apart."

Tommy swallowed the lump in his throat and choked. What had he just told her? *Don't believe a single word of it!*

In an instant Tommy was out of the bed, only to pitch face downward on the floor.

Nurses came running. Tommy was acting like a lunatic.

" That girl! Vera! Don't let her leave the building! Tell her I want to see her! Quick—quick! "

" It's all right, lieutenant. Now please be quiet—and get back to bed. She's coming back."

And miraculously, before Tommy's swimming eyes, he saw her coming slowly toward him—closer, closer, until she was all in all the world and he felt the exquisite touch of her lips on his.

THE END

$50 Honest Opinion Prize Winners

[SIXTH WEEK]

$15 FIRST PRIZE
ESTHER H. DEXTER
409 W. 3d St., Long Beach, Calif.

$10 SECOND PRIZE
HAMILTON BAILLARD
11 Orchard St., Cranford, N. J.

$5 THIRD PRIZE
HARRY M. COLEMAN
Box 102, Honolulu, T. H.

TWENTY $1 PRIZES

Betty B. Beecher, 107 E. Cedar Ave., Webster Groves, Mo.; Fred Armstrong, Box 801, Tulsa, Okla.; C. R. Pennington, Box 2171, Jacksonville, Fla.; Belle Plumb Lee, Box 165, La Jolla, Calif.; Louis F. Ross, 84 Ellery St., Cambridge, Mass.; Vincent Haughey, 227 E. State St., Trenton, N. J.; Ira G. Morrison, 400 W. Elm St., Fayette, Mo.; E. A. Waters, 1177 Portland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Kenneth Wright, 1419 W. 7th St., Hastings, Neb.; Lillian Hodge, Worland, Wyo.; J. M. Updegraph, 434 Linden Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.; Julie Dee, 319 Donaldson Ave., San Antonio, Tex.; Harry Rickard, Provo, S. D.

Zoa Grace Hawley, 2110 Ogden Ave., Superior, Wis.; R. E. Phalon, Hotel Belvedere, New York, N. Y.; W. J. Garrett, 406 South Texas Bank Bldg., San Antonio, Tex.; Kathryn J. Lenzen, Granville, Ill.; Mary S. Fager, 854 S. Bedford St., Los Angeles, Calif.; Coursin Black, Box 1061, Prescott, Ariz.; Ralph E. Rogers, 316 N. Union Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

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The new Pathfinder is the great tire value surprise of the year. When first you examine it you won't be able to believe you are looking at a *low-priced* tire. You'll think you're looking at the highest priced tire in the line.

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GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

D YEAR

The NEW DEAL Hits Washington SOCIETY

How the Capital's Hectic Hostesses Have Found It a Misdeal, in Place Cards—It's Playing Hilarious Havoc with Caste and Precedent

READING TIME
11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THROW away the Blue Book and get a crystal."

This is all the advice the State Department, the White House, or Washington's professional social oracles can give the hectic hostesses of the New Deal. Washington society is a mirror that reflects the mood of America. Under the New Deal official society is like the Constitution: the old framework is still here but most of the whalebone tortures have been removed. The Roosevelts have smashed some traditions and adapted others. The result is baffling.

There used to be a law. The rules of precedence and performance were rigid as the Sixth Commandment. This is no longer true. The Roosevelts have made society sociable. Their own habit of entertaining the people they like as well as the ones they should—and making them all equally welcome; their directness, their vitality and zest have made state functions gay and dinners merry.

U. & U. News photo

The First Lady. "Pruning social labors is an achievement for which every succeeding administration will give thanks to her."

Now as always the White House receptions and state dinners are the spool on which the elaborate fabric of Washington entertainment is wound. Simplicity was the Hoover plan; stark formality was the result. Mr. and Mrs. Small Official paraded solemnly through the stately rooms, were presented to the unhappy Hoovers by gold-braided aides who always looked as if they smelled bad cheese.

You peered at the notables in the Blue Room, pushed through crowds in the East Room, and departed, your clothes wrinkled and your ego shattered.

Judy O'Grady, wife of the Representative from Nochokee, had been to the Congressional reception last year. With no special pleasure she took her place in line again. In front of her a Colonel's Lady switched her train irritably. Behind her a sweating Senator's wife backed and pushed.

The line moved slowly. Judy's Hon. Husband began to complain about his feet and an early-morning committee hearing. You couldn't hear the Marine Band for the voices, or see any one.

At last a beaming aide announced them to the President in a tone that said, "Here they are—the people you've been waiting for all evening." The President shook their hands heartily. Mrs. Roosevelt greeted them as if they made all this fuss worth while. She meant it, too.

The effect was a veritable cocktail. These days the White House is a home, and it's *fun.* Strangers gossip. Isn't the roof an introduction?

See that tall couple arriving too late to greet the Chief Executive. He's one of the leading Brain Trusters. And doesn't his wife look mad! She has a new dress, her first train, all for nothing. There is Alice Longworth, still the most glamorous woman in Washington, in what she calls "NRA blue" and tremendous ancient gold Hindu earrings. There is Director of the Mint Nellie Tayloe Ross, in shell-pink satin with ruby ornaments. Oh, *dancing!* Let's!

Although cordiality, often informality, characterizes the entertainment of the Democratic Roosevelts, their state dinners are ceremonious as those of the Republican Roosevelts. The guest list is smaller; the menus are simpler. But the form is there. Battalions of White House aides, resplendent in full uniform, are on hand as decoration because, Mrs. Roosevelt explained, "it costs nothing to put them on." The Marine Band plays all during the meal. Politics, however taboo in the past, are spirited table talk. People leave regretfully from a "good party."

The Garners seconded the White House social motion in their dinner to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. They turned the entertainment problem over to Gene Buck, who not only produced a quartet of singers and a Mexican tenor who played a guitar but also something known as a "mentalist." This dangerous character guessed that Mrs. Garner had written on a slip of paper, "Be strong and of good courage"; and that the Vice President had thought of "Home, Sweet Home," but had failed to write it down. That was bad enough. When, however, he found out that the President had written, "G. O. P. ticket

Eleanor Patterson. The New Deal's social lions "are often encountered in her marble palace."

U. & U. Studios photos

Below: Alice Longworth, still popular with "both ex-plutocrats and the pick of the Alphabets."

Keystone View photo

Mrs. George H. Dern is "the most meticulous of the Cabinet hostesses."

Acme photo

Left: Mrs. Henry T. Rainey aids her husband and has regular "at homes."

for President: Huey Long and Ham Fish," then Mr. Roosevelt turned to the Senate leader and said, "Joe, here's where we'd better go *home*." Anyhow, it was an hour later than the State Department's Division of Protocol said they could stay!

As for dinner parties, the New Deal is a misdeal in place cards. Why? The confusion caused by the Alphabets. The Brain Trusters, major and minor, are more popular than an English novelist at a woman's club. But while the President has given them billions to play with, he has neglected to give them a seat at the table. Do you put the General Johnsons and the Donald Richbergs above or below the Congressman O'Gradys? Where does Jesse Jones sit? Nobody knows! With no protocol to guide it, one great embassy closed its eyes one night and seated Relief Administrator Harry Hopkins above former Ambassador Sackett.

HOW about the Little Cabinet? There's a headache for any hostess. In the past, assistant secretaries were insignificant as Caspar Milquetoast. Now look at them! Agriculture's Rexford Guy Tugwell! Commerce Department's John Dickinson! Labor Department's Ed McGrady! Do you dare to seat them below the salt? Everybody wants the Alphabets—but where, oh, where do they eat?

Fortunately the Brain Trusters are no sticklers for precedent. They're so important they don't have to care. Anyhow, the big thing is to get them for dinner. This is always in the nature of an achievement. "We'd like to accept tentatively," Mrs. Brain Truster tells her would-be hostess, "if you don't mind leaving it that way."

The hostess does mind, but it's the best she can do. She may say hopefully, "Dinner at eight—don't bother to dress," but she knows she can only watch and pray. Watch the clock and pray that the conference dissolves and that some higher-up won't choose that inconvenient moment to discover a new formula for the Better Life, so that her dinner guests just happily gobble sandwiches and milk in their offices.

This may be hard on the cook, but it is a great aid to

by MAXINE DAVIS

digestion. The menus at Washington tables have become much simpler. No more terrapin. No more sole Marguery, or suprême of guinea hen Eugénie. Just a good nourishing soup, and a roast that won't spoil while standing in the oven keeping warm until the Alphabets arrive. And lots of vegetables.

Many of the New Deal, like Secretary Wallace and Louis Bean, are vegetarians.

The New Dealers may arrive at nine thirty for an eight-o'clock meal, but Heaven only knows when they will go home. They arrive complete with trends and charts and curves, turn your drawing-room into an open forum, and continue far, far into the night. Once three of the most important of them, unable to resist the opportunity for a conference, retired to a bedroom for hours, keeping the party yawning and the room out of service.

What a contrast to the old régime! Your Brain Truster may wear a wrinkled suit, but there is no Teapot Dome oil on his waistcoat. He may wax oratorical about public utilities, but he banks no pay check from the Power Trust. I, for one, never expected to see our national capital so overrun with honest men!

Periscope into Alice Longworth's drawing-room. You may see her giving her imitation of the Blue Eagle, a peculiar flip-flop performance, for its sire, General Johnson. Poor obscure Republican "Princess Alice"! Her invitations are still accepted eagerly by both ex-plutocrats and the pick of the Alphabets. You may meet Secretary Ickes, Dr. Tugwell, and even Father Coughlin rubbing shoulders with the Robert Low Bacons, the Richard Aldriches, or the Albert Simmses.

Welfare Worker Harry Hopkins, the most popular man in the New Deal, is often encountered in, for instance, Eleanor Patterson's marble palace; General Johnson is the second most popular guest, but he is hard to snare. Dr. Tugwell runs them a very close third. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury "Chip" Roberts is beloved for his stories, often unexpurgated. And the social crystal gazers read as a sign of the times the fact that the labor leaders, including McGrady, Leo Wolman, Donald Richberg, and Senator Wagner, are now aces in anybody's hand of place cards.

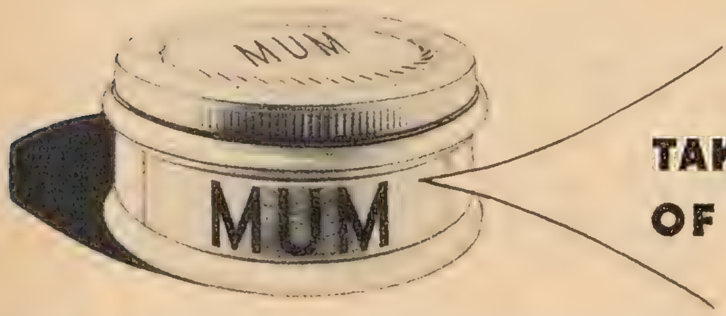
THE Diplomatic Corps is fascinated by the New Deal. However, its members are shy of inviting the leaders to break bread, and concentrate on the younger men. One of the rare discontented young conservatives of the administration went to a dance at the German embassy recently, saw it swarming with the junior Alphabets, indignantly decided the Nazis were trying to be far too social with our young socialists and fascists, paid perfunctory respects, and went home.

You might think these young men would be manna to husband-hunting mammas. Not at all! Mothers of débutantes, most of them of the Old Guard, keep their out-of-joint noses in the air, hug the potted palms, peer through lorgnettes and say, "Who are these people?" They rarely find out. Few of them are listed in Dun and Bradstreet's, and fewer have even heard of the Social Register. It is a bad season for Cupid in Washington. The bright young men, even when rich and blue-blooded, apparently care more for reform than romance.

If the New Deal is a blight to Cupid, it is drought and grasshoppers to the calling-card engraver. He is indeed the Forgotten Man. When the new official's wife came to the capital she read The Book, interviewed her more experienced colleagues, and often rented a social secretary to instruct her.

Whom did she call on? An apparently endless list of people. Who called on her? Just about every one whose card tray held her pasteboard. Social relations were never established until a call was returned. To fail in this courtesy was a major insult.

The first place she called was of course the White House. She left a card at the great front door, and sooner or later the First Lady invited her to tea. Now I'd hate to count the women who have been often to tea and even lunch at the Executive Mansion



"GATHER 'ROUND, GIRLS"

"Peg's engagement is broken!"

PEG'S friends were sorry but unsympathetic. "We've often tried to ease it over to her about disagreeable underarm odor," they said. "We've talked about how we all use Mum.

"But she actually said she didn't need to use anything. Imagine!"

Don't make Peg's mistake! Especially since it's so easy to avoid—with Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. Use it any time—*after* dressing or before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum *immediately*.

Remember, Mum doesn't prevent perspiration; just its unpleasant odor. Bristol-Myers, 1241 Benoit St., Montreal, Canada.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

USE MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is wonderful to use as a deodorant on sanitary napkins. Enjoy the comforting assurance its protection gives.

who do not even own calling cards. Mrs. Roosevelt doesn't care. Her housekeeper is not so pleased. Too many of these "unidentified" guests steal napkins. At a recent White House tea party the table was laid without any. When Mrs. Roosevelt inquired about this lack, she was told they were all in the wash—those that were left!

The rankless New Deal wives don't have to call, not even on each other. What is more, they do *not* call. Most of them, such as the sculptress Mrs. Leo Wolman, the poetess Mrs. Jerome Frank, the painter Mrs. Russell Lord, are too busy.

"I wondered when I should drop a card on you Brain Trust women," I told an old acquaintance who moved to town with the Roosevelts.

"A card? What for?" she inquired, baffled. Then, as a spectacular battle was raging around her husband, "Oh, of condolence?"

Regularly ranked wives still call, but there are not so many places to go. Mrs. Garner was only "at home" once, and then she confided the fact, not, as is customary, to the newspapers, but to a very few friends.

Because the Garners will assume only an irreducible minimum of social obligations, tall, race-horse-lean Mrs. Speaker Rainey has happily accepted the mantle of administration eater in chief. Though this social business isn't play, she insists. "It is just work, work, work, from early until late—Saturdays and Sundays included. Our position carries with it the acceptance of invitations from embassies, legations, and other important houses for dinners given in our honor."

Captain Rainey of the Girl Scouts, as she likes to be called, manages to be her husband's assistant and a butterfly as well. She loves it. She has been "at home" every Wednesday. The doors of the desk prominent in her drawing-room are plastered, like a débutante's dressing-table mirror, with invitations.

No one else has been so meticulous. Few Senators' wives were officially at home on their traditional Thursdays, and not one single Congressman's lady told the society editors she was sitting in her parlor, card tray in one hand and teapot in the other.

The Cabinet wives have always had to bear the worst burden of the calling bore. They were supposed to, and did, receive every Wednesday. Their open houses and lavish tea tables were the fair prey of every unemployed nonentity in town. Now Mrs. Roosevelt has halved their trials by suggesting that five of them receive one Wednesday and five the next. Pruning social labors is an achievement for which every succeeding administration will thank Eleanor Roosevelt.

MAXINE DAVIS

writes with authority on politics and women's activities in Washington. She created her original job there, both writing and syndicating a weekly news letter soon after her graduation from the University of Chicago. Lives in Georgetown.

Even with the curtailed calling season, the social strangers have disappeared. This in spite of the fact that the Democratic Cabinet is composed chiefly of rich men living in mansions and entertaining with truly Republican elegance.

Round, clever little Mrs. Homer Cummings, wife of the Attorney-General, stands hospitably in her big hilltop house, probably conscious of having the most and best food in the Cabinet. No one leaves hungry. The Attorney-General sometimes comes home, and wanders about looking unhappy as a jobless undertaker.

Mrs. Henry Morgenthau, one of the most modest and charming of the Cabinet intellectuals, has promised her husband faithfully that she will not ask him to come to a tea party during his entire tenure of office. Fresh-faced Western Mrs. Dern is, unexpectedly, the most meticulous of the Cabinet hostesses.

There are still cocktail parties. People drop in for a drink, and sometimes stay for dinner.

The Old Guard are sure this vigor, this informality is a passing phase. They say they have seen it tried before, and always seen it fail.

The answer? Look in the crystal!

THE END

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It's Dandruff makes the hair go

"Dandruff is responsible for a great deal, if not the greatest part, of common baldness," says a leading dermatologist. It is very important, therefore, to guard against dandruff if you treasure your thatch of hair. Keep the scalp clean and healthy with regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments. Before every shampoo apply the Tonic liberally, and massage vigorously for several minutes. This stimulates the circulation, wakes up sluggish glands to function properly, and loosens any dandruff particles. Barbers everywhere recommend and use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. For your hair's sake do get a bottle at your druggist's and start these treatments today. In shaker-top bottles at 40c and 70c.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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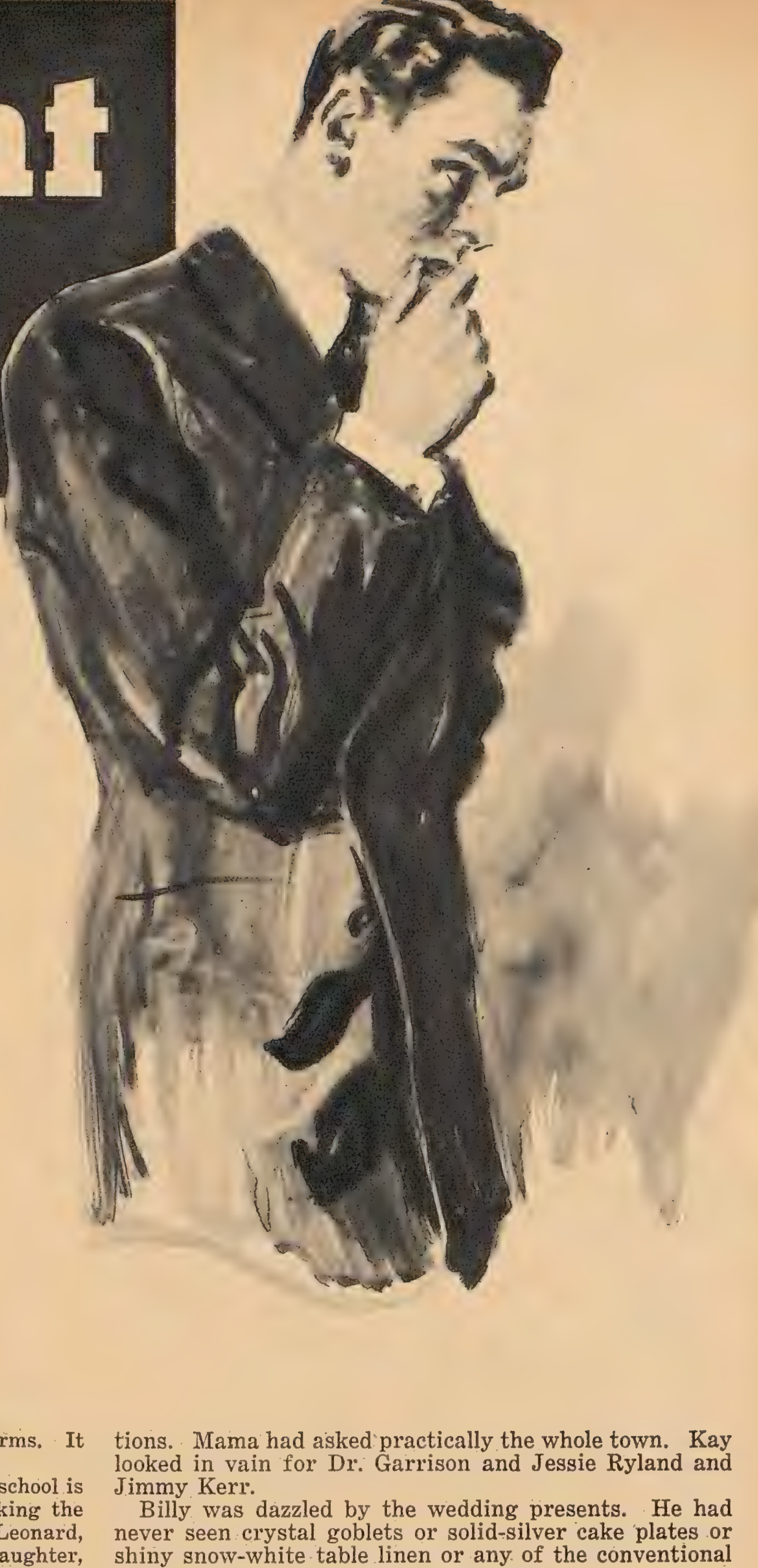
Bright Girl



READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

AS a little girl, Kay Bronson's most beloved and constant playmate is her father, Clyde Bronson, a brilliant but whimsical man who quit business at thirty-five because he felt he had earned enough money. And from this companionship Kay gleans a sophistication far beyond her years. He teaches her to play poker and to detest persons who cheat at cards. He opens her eyes to the beauties of nature, and also to the crudities of life in the Mid-Western city where they live.

One incident deeply impresses little Kay. Her father shows no concern when a visiting child he dislikes is injured, and this teaches his adoring daughter that it is a grand thing never to hide your true feelings.

Clyde Bronson's death brings Kay her first deep regret. She is out walking at the time with a neighbor boy, Jimmy Kerr, and is queerly thrilled as he tells her she is pretty. Kay flays herself for her selfish interest and is in agony when her mother describes how her father's eyes sought for her and how he asked for her with his dying breath. Then she feels how cruel Mama was in making her suffer so.

All life seems cruel and abhorrent to young Kay after that. She takes no interest in Mama's remarriage to Leonard Walters. She withdraws from her social circle and takes refuge in the companionship of Jessie Ryland, a homely girl who is studying to become a school-teacher. Kay studies with her and shows brilliant promise of becoming a great educator. Then she falls in love with the darkly handsome Billy Warren, a wise-cracking, uneducated drug clerk, and asks him to marry her. She is laughing when he takes her in his arms. It seems so unreal to her, so impossible.

Jessie is disgusted. Dr. Garrison at the training school is deeply disappointed. Kay herself knows she is taking the wrong road—the wrong road at seventeen! But Leonard, greatly relieved to rid himself of his strange stepdaughter, builds and elaborately furnishes a house as a wedding gift for them. And Mama gives five thousand dollars to launch the honeymoon of the brilliant society girl and the penniless drug clerk.

PART TWO—"A LITTLE DAME NAMED BRONSON"

KAY and Billy Warren were not married quietly. Leonard and Mama were too widely acquainted and the town was too curious. The church was crowded and the house was crowded. Everybody had come to see Smarty-Cat Bronson make a fool of herself. Well, why shouldn't everybody come? Everybody had had invitations. Mama had asked practically the whole town. Kay looked in vain for Dr. Garrison and Jessie Ryland and Jimmy Kerr.

Billy was dazzled by the wedding presents. He had never seen crystal goblets or solid-silver cake plates or shiny snow-white table linen or any of the conventional things which are sent to young brides.

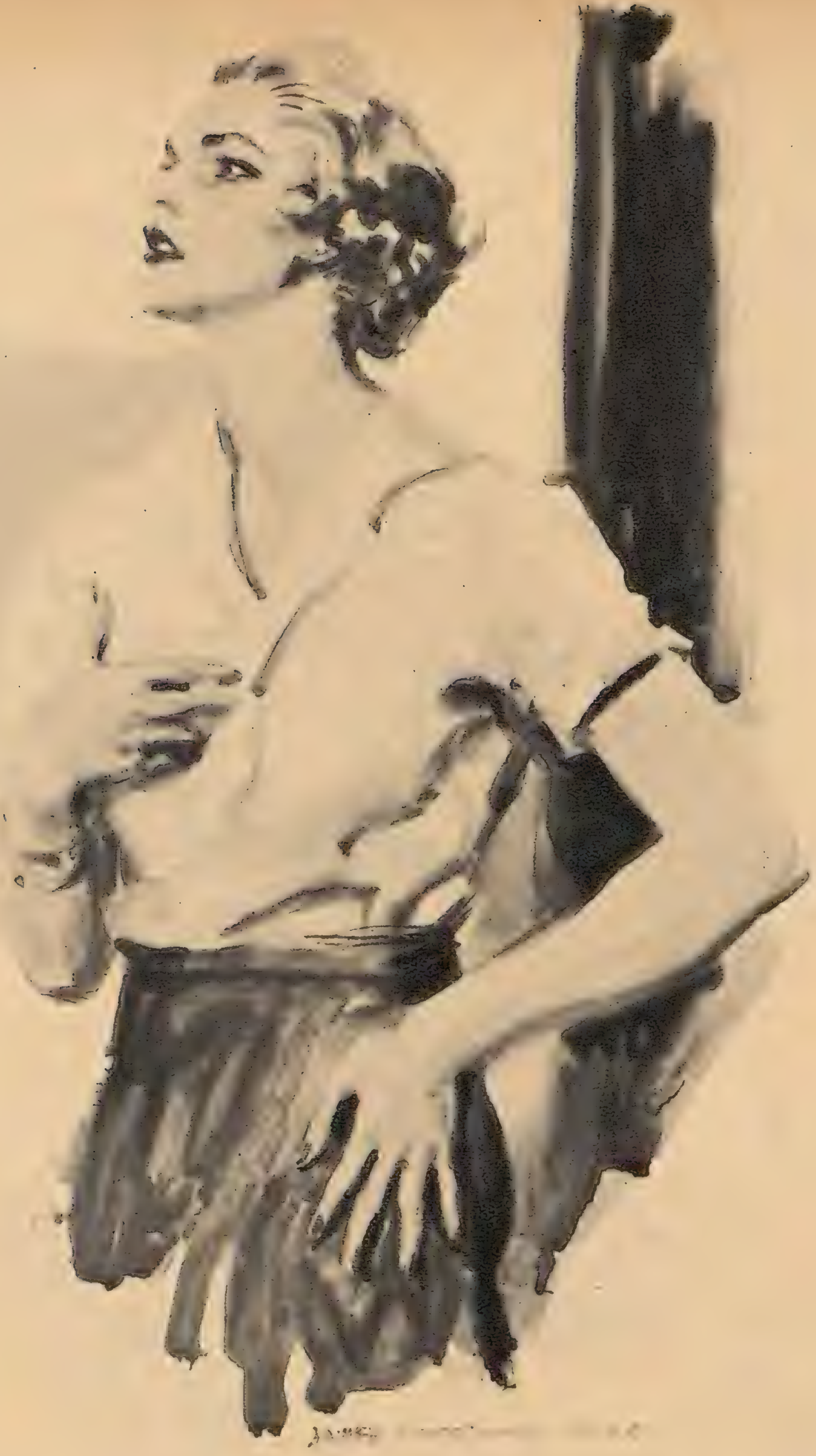
He said to Kay, " Are these things ours? "

" Yes. Silly, isn't it? "

" Why? "

" Because we've got all those things in the new house. We won't have room for any more."

He was speechless. He had of course seen the house, but he had not dared to open cupboards and linen closets. He had not been able to realize that the house was his. Never before, save in movies, had he seen such elegance. Kay could call the place a cottage if she wished, but to Billy it was a palace.



"You'd think a man would die before he'd do a thing like that! I guess a man would."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

At midnight they had run away from a drunken crowd of well-wishers. They had gone home. Hand in hand they wandered from room to room.

Billy was ecstatic about the house. He had no way of knowing that it looked like all other fresh young six-room cottages that had had too much money spent on them.

The romantic streak in Leonard had expressed itself in the simple white exterior of the cottage with rambler roses climbing about the door. You walked through that door and found room-to-room telephone communication, a wall safe for your jewels, a cedar-lined safe for your furs. The romantic streak was gone. Kay's room was done in pink and blue satin. There was satin everywhere and mirrors and a gilt telephone and long-legged French dolls with decadent faces and large drooping hats, and there weren't any bookshelves.

Billy's room was mahogany and wine color and there were bookshelves.

"Gee, it's beautiful!" he said. "I don't see how he did it."

"He hired decorators," Kay answered.

"HE did!" Billy's respect for Leonard was even greater now.

"Yes," said Kay. "He hired decorators."

"Well, isn't it swell?"

"Oh, it's swell all right," Kay said. "It certainly is swell."

"I'll feel that I ought to be dressed up all the time here."

She smiled. "I feel as though I were visiting, too. I've never lived anywhere, you know, except in Mama's house."

"And that's a gloomy hole, ain't it? Give me something like this. Fresh paint and bright colors."

"Well, you've got it," she said.

"You don't seem to like it."

"I'll have to get used to it."

Maybe she got used to it right away. Maybe she never got used to it. At any rate she wrote to Leonard and thanked him for the house. It was easier to write to Leonard than to talk to him. If he was standing right in front of you, you wanted to argue with him. Perhaps if she went in person to thank Leonard for his beautiful gift she would end up by telling him what she really thought of it.

Along with the five thousand dollars Mama gave a medium-priced roadster and a servant. She was to pay the servant's wages for a year. Kay wondered what was to happen at the end of a year. Did Mama expect that by that time Billy would have advanced to a position in Gridley's drug store where he could pay his own servant?

The Story of a Heroine Who Was Man-Crazy—A New, Poignant Novel by the Talented Author of "Bad Girl" and "Sadie McKee"

by VIÑA DELMAR

Kay was amused at the thought that without the five thousand dollars to draw on they couldn't afford even to feed the buxom woman whom Mama had sent.

Kay didn't worry much about that next year, however. She lived in the present. And an odd present it was. Billy and Kay had no friends. Billy had made no acquaintances in town, and the people whom Kay knew wouldn't take Billy to their hearts. So there were no friends. It was Billy and Kay, with never another soul to ask them to dinner or to be asked to dinner. They went to the movies four or five times a week. Billy didn't like to sit home and do nothing. He couldn't concentrate on reading.

Kay tried reading aloud to him, but he wouldn't listen and begged her to go for a drive.

Kay bought a dog because she thought it would be something to talk about and something that might interest Billy. She bought a great Dane, but Billy looked at it once, said it was swell, and promptly forgot it.

The problem of what went on in Billy's mind completely absorbed Kay for a time.

What did he think about? What interested him? Apparently nothing but the pursuit of girls had ever appealed to his imagination. Now he was married. The pursuit was ended, at least for the time being.

He would talk willingly enough and Kay would listen intently. Sometime he might drop a word that would disclose a secret dream world. Perhaps he thought of travel or music or sports and by careful listening she would come upon unfulfilled wishes which she could bring into the open and help to realize. But no.

"Billy, aren't those palm trees in the ad just glorious? Imagine us battling a snowstorm while people are strolling through sunlight under a bright blue sky."

"Every time I see palm trees I think of the season I was in Florida. There was a dame down there that everybody was nuts about. She was a swell looker and had barrels of dough. She was married, too. She wouldn't give any of the fellows a tumble, but I got sent up to her house one night with a carton of cigarettes. The regular errand boy had gone home, and she comes to the door in one of those flimsy kimono businesses, and let me tell you I couldn't get out of there."

KAY looked at him steadily. "And that's what palm trees remind you of?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"Nothing. I just wondered."

Music reminded Billy of the year that Bright Eyes was popular and a girl in Seattle who was going to commit suicide for love of him.

A discussion of sports called to mind the female tennis star who had asked him to come over and see her when she wasn't so busy.

So Kay willingly went to the movies. Sometimes in the movies the hero was repulsed. That was a change from Billy's stories.

"He cant help it," she said to herself. "He is what he is, and I knew what he was before I married him. I love him just as he is."

And after a while she said to herself:

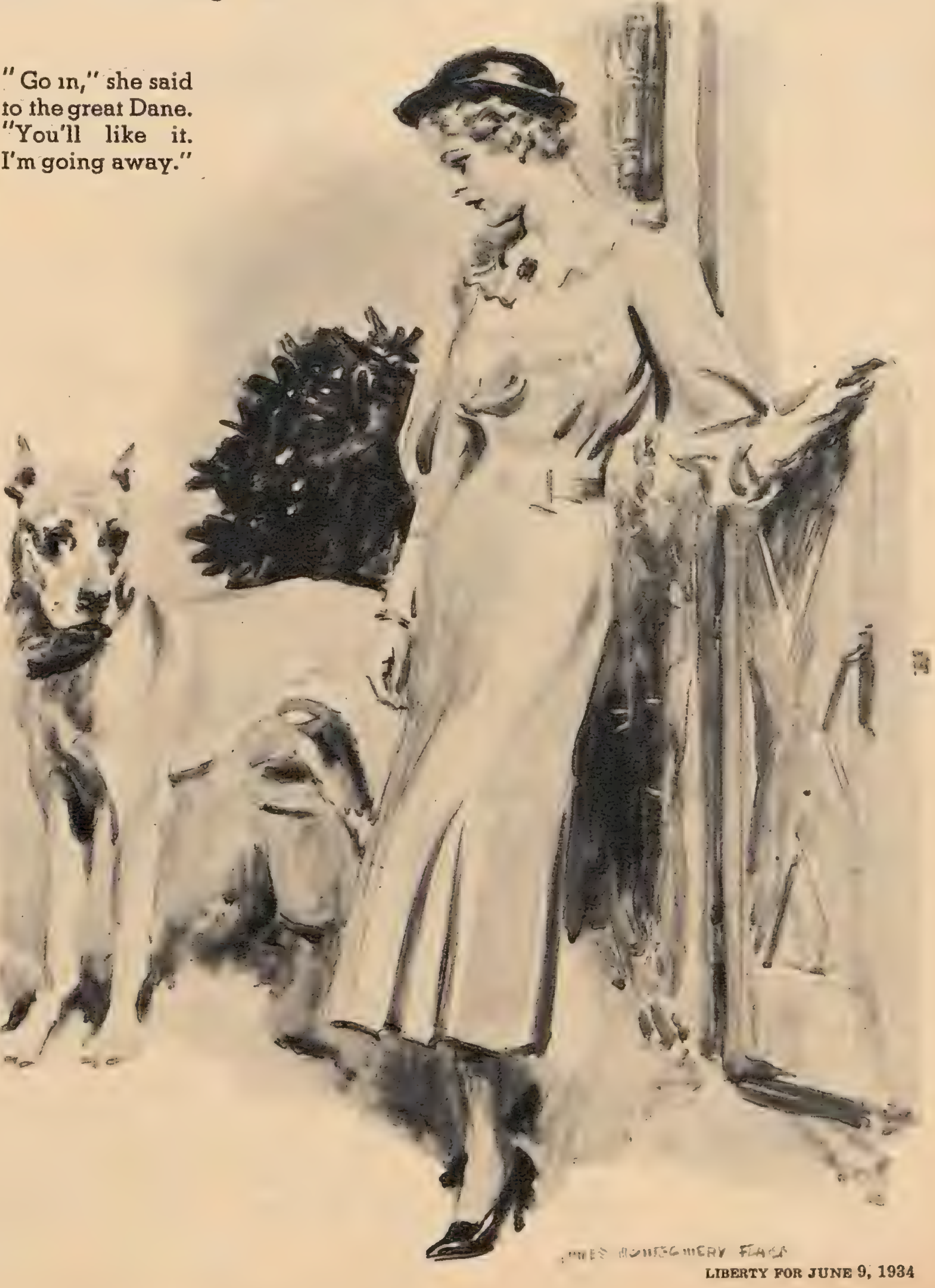
"I must love him. I couldn't stand this if I didn't love him. He won't let me read. I don't see a soul to talk to. I just listen to the one about the girl in Detroit over and over, and that's all. I must be insanely in love with him."

But she knew that she wasn't. She wasn't any more in love with Billy Warren than the Florida woman in the flimsy kimono or that silly girl in Seattle had been. They were all the same, she and the disgusting women who had chased him so relentlessly that he had forgotten that there was anything in life except women. She was only telling herself these things to avoid facing facts. He was tall, dark, and handsome and you wanted to kiss him and stay forever in his strong arms. But that wasn't love. That wasn't anything you could name without feeling ashamed of yourself.

AND she thought that she would make a fine heroine herself for one of Billy's stories. The beautiful daughter of one of the town's richest families who insisted upon marrying him though he was nothing but a drug clerk without a dime.

It came to her as rather a shock that she actually pictured Billy sitting with a strange girl and saying to her:

"Now, when I was living with my uncle in a small burg in the Middle West there was a little dame named Bronson—"



"Go in," she said to the great Dane. "You'll like it. I'm going away."

It was a definite shock. Kay asked herself if she cherished a secret fear that Billy would tire of her and go away. But she never asked herself if she suspected that sooner or later she would all too willingly release Billy and let him return to the chase. She never asked herself that question because she knew it was the key to the puzzle and she didn't want the puzzle solved. Not just yet.

She talked to Billy about his hopes, if any, of getting ahead in the world. Perhaps his dream would give them something to work on together, something to talk about. She remembered how she and Jessie had spent evening after evening discussing the model private school.

But Billy had no plans.

"Well, didn't you ever have any ambition? Did nothing ever appeal to you as a great idea? Something you'd like to do that you could make money at?"

"I wanted to be a drug clerk, I guess."

"And now you're a drug clerk. What next?"

"What next? What do you mean what next?"

"You don't want to be a drug clerk all your life, do you?"

"I won't be. Don't worry. Something else will come along."

"Don't be a fool. Nothing ever comes along. You have to go meet it."

He looked at her. "What the hell are you trying to do? Trying to get me to throw up my job?"

"No, I want you to keep your job. But I thought that you could prepare yourself for something else meanwhile."

"Something else? Like what?"

"I don't know like what, Billy. That answer must come from you, from your own inclinations and capabilities. But there must be something else you can do. The story of mankind is full of incidents concerning shoemakers who became engineers, waiters who became surgeons, carpenters who became professors. I just know there must be something you can do besides clerking in a drug store."

"OH, I'm beginning to get the idea. You're ashamed of having a husband who's a drug clerk."

"No, Billy, I'm not ashamed." She took his hand and held it between her own small pink-nailed hands. "Listen, honey. I'm not ashamed and I don't want you to ever say again that I am. I wouldn't be ashamed of anything except the lack of imagination that would keep you forever at the same monotonous job."

"Well, I'll do something else sometime when the moment's ripe for it."

She said no more. She saw now what his plan was. He would worry along in his uncle's store till the moment was ripe for asking Leonard and Mama to finance him in a store of his own. Then he would sit back and feel like a man who has accomplished something. Well, the world was full of that kind of successes, too. It was all right, only it gave no interest or conversation to the long winter nights.

Kay wished they would have a baby. Perhaps a baby would be something that they could both love and in which they could find a common interest. Only Billy might dismiss it as he had the great Dane.

Sometimes she wished that she and Billy would fight. That would be something. But you couldn't fight with Billy. He was whipped by a word of three syllables or a soft-spoken explanation. He only knew how to shout foul invectives or "take a swipe" at somebody.

KAY thought of going to Dr. Garrison and asking him to let her take up her work again. But people would say to her, "So the handsome drug clerk bored you, huh? We thought he would." It wouldn't be loyal to Billy, who was doing his poor best to be entertaining.

And she said to herself, "I am too young now. People wouldn't believe that I knew what I was talking about; but when I am older I am going to write a book entreating girls not to marry unless they see a great chance for companionship in the marriage. Of course I'll bring it out anonymously."

She didn't consider that some girls would not have found Billy lacking in intellect. Some would have considered him very interesting and sophisticated. In fact many had, but they weren't the kind of girls that Dr. Garrison would have regretted losing.

And so by the time that Kay had been married to Billy Warren for eleven months she felt that he and the girl from Detroit and the flimsy kimono in Florida had been with her all her life. She was sick of him. Beastly sick of him. She had had enough of his kisses and enough of his love. Perhaps she would not have tired of him and her own young ardor had there been something else to their marriage. But there was nothing else.

She walked to the top of a green hill one morning and sat down under budding trees. It was a warm May day full of happy buzzing insects and bright singing birds. The world was awake and happy and entirely disinterested in the problems of a very young woman in a short plaid skirt and a soft fluffy sweater.

Kay said to herself, "How can I break with him? It isn't his fault. It's my fault. I am the one who claims the brains of the combination. I should have had better sense than to marry him. I wanted him and I lacked the courage to go to him without shackles. He didn't crave marriage. I did, because I was a coward. Now I'm tired of him and I want out. More cowardice. What's the end to be?"

She looked up at the vivid blue sky where incredibly lovely white clouds went floating by. She was only eighteen, so for a moment she could forget

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the shoddy problem which had brought her here. She could take a minute out of life for sheer beauty. She could sigh ecstatically and raise her arms high as though reaching for the clouds.

But then she remembered that she had come to reason with herself and not to join the springtime festival.

"If I leave him and go home, people will not think less of me. They will only say, 'I told you so.' But poor Billy. He will be ashamed of having lost his wife. They will say to him, 'Well, you married out of your class,' and 'She only married you for a lark.' And about him they will say many things which will be repeated to him, and his feelings will be hurt. He doesn't deserve that. He didn't do anything. It was I who did it. He must not be shamed and jeered at. Even if I took a lover and in righteous indignation Billy quit me, it would be he and not I who would be made sport of. 'No wonder she took a lover,' people would say. 'She couldn't stand that drug clerk.' Oh, God, let me out of this and keep intact what Billy would call his self-respect if he had any and knew the word."

And then, just as though God cared what happened to Kay Bronson's miserable little marriage, came the answer to Kay's prayer. Billy took up the chase again. For eleven months he had been true to one woman. He had treated all pretty girls who entered the store with a polite indifference.

But eleven months was a long time. Kay had been captured and was safely imprisoned in the cottage. The hunter's soul yearned for the chase.

The quarry in this particular case was a little blonde whose mother was a dressmaker. She was not bad—just good-natured.

The moment she saw Billy she was impressed by his handsomeness and confessed to her girl friends that "You'd die laughing at his wise cracks."

Billy liked her. She was pretty and she could take a joke and she wouldn't run screaming her head off to her mother and to a fellow's wife.

As a matter of fact she didn't breathe a word to her mother nor to Billy's wife, but she told her girl friend about the unbelievable luxuries of the cottage that Leonard had built. She didn't mean any harm. Neither did the girl friend; but you couldn't keep absolutely quiet when you knew about a house where the bathrooms actually had wall paper with water lilies and silver kite-shaped fish. The story went the rounds, finally getting back to Kay via a filling-station attendant and an automobile salesman. Kay was amazed to hear that she was a great friend of the dressmaker's daughter and that the girl had spent a week-end with her. Kay checked back on her memory and remembered the time Leonard had gone to the convention in Chicago and she had slept over with Mama.

So that was it! Billy had desecrated the little cottage that had been decorated with such love by Gotham, Inc.

KAY sat back and toyed with the information which had so innocently been brought to her. She could divorce Billy, but what was the use of that? It would leave her free to marry somebody else who might make her no happier. Besides, if Billy were no longer her husband Leonard would move heaven and earth to evict Billy from the cottage, and that would be a shame because Billy had proven that he knew to what purposes that pink-and-blue-satin boudoir was best suited.

She wouldn't divorce Billy but she would leave him, and in her leaving she would cast no shame upon Billy. She would glorify him with his favorite method of glorification. She would enrich his reputation and make him irresistible to every dressmaker's daughter in town. She would provide a finish for one of his stories. A finish such as he had never dreamed of.

"And this little dame walked in the store one day. Well, of course, I knew my wife would have a fit, but what the hell! It's all in fun, so I took a chance."

Yes, he would love telling the story. The town wouldn't jeer at him now. Maybe his stock would rise when they knew that the insignificant drug clerk had cared so little for Smarty-Cat Bronson that all her beauty, brains, and money hadn't kept him toeing the mark.

Kay saw that things had worked out perfectly. She mustn't be a fool and muddle them. Such a chance might never come again. Suppose Billy got religion or frightened? Here was the heaven-sent opportunity to walk out on him and leave him with the town jeering at her. She couldn't hold her man. Poor thing. "Well, she's too high-hat. She didn't want a man. She wanted a stuffed dress suit."

Kay didn't mind being pitied or laughed at. No price was too high to pay for freedom except leaving Billy with the town's laughter against him. He didn't deserve it. He would be safe now.

Kay had sat for an hour with all these thoughts running madly through her head. When she had decided what to do her reflections slowed down in pace and some questions occurred to her. How did it feel to be deceived? Was she sad? Was she angry?

She tried to find a place where it hurt, but there was none. Her sentimentality said, "I have no tender memories of him." Her vanity said, "I was just a pretty dame. He couldn't even know that I was more than that." Her temper said, "He owed me nothing." There was no place where it hurt, so the scene must be made from whole cloth.

WHEN Billy came home from work that night he was met by a Kay whom he had never seen before. An angry Kay. He was astounded and worried.

He did not know that fifteen minutes earlier he would have found a weeping Kay, but she had decided against the tears. They might make him feel too badly.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"You know what's the matter."

"Honest I don't."

She glanced at him. Her lips quivered as though from the torrent of hot words that pressed against them.

"Then maybe some of the people in town can tell you. They've been telling me."

"Telling you what?"

He had a pretty good idea now, but either he thought his continued dumbness would look like innocence or else he was consciously stalling off the awful accusation.

"Telling me who occupied my bedroom while I was at Mama's."

He turned white, but managed to say, "Jeez, Kay, I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, yes, you do. You know that dizzy messy little dish-water blonde was in my room. I could break her neck. How dare she walk into a respectable woman's room and—and—"

"Now, Kay, let me tell you."

"*You* tell me? *You* tell me? The whole town's told me."

"But they've lied to you. Now, listen. The girl had a fight with her mother and had nowhere to go. I didn't think you'd mind, so I brought her here."

"Awfully sweet of you, wasn't it? Naturally you couldn't telephone Mama's and ask me if I minded. You couldn't tell me the next day. And there's no wonder you couldn't tell me, you low, sneaking—"

"Sh, Kay. You're screaming."

"I won't shush, and don't you talk to me. You've nothing to say. I'm no fool. I guess I know what happened right here in my own house. God, you'd think a man would die before he'd do a thing like that! I guess a *man* would. You needn't think I'll go on living with you after this."

"Kay—"

"Don't 'Kay' me. I'm finished. I guess I know when I've had enough. I could forgive anything but this dirty cheap sneaky business. Why didn't you tell me you loved somebody else?"

"I don't love her."

"Oh, just what I thought. She's only a common woman and you think that little of our marriage that you'd take a chance on it for some one who doesn't mean anything. Well, you can have her, and I wish her luck with you, the little bum; she'll probably need it."

Kay ran from the room and threw herself on the pink-and-blue bed. She was tired. She had worked on the weeping scene and the one she had just played all afternoon. She wondered if she had done it well. Billy had been convinced that she was furiously angry, so it must have been all right.

With pride she recalled the names she had applied to the dressmaker's daughter. That was speaking his language. She smiled, remembering the sequence in which she had accused him of loving the girl and had turned on him with renewed fury when he had denied the charge. That, she imagined, was the way genuinely angry wives went on.

The husband was wrong no matter what he said.

Billy wouldn't have understood had she been her natural self.

Suppose he had slipped up in his vows when she wasn't looking for freedom? She would have simply said to him, "Once more and I'm through." And he wouldn't have believed in her anger. Only loud vulgar words were real to him. Well, she had given him those. She was so pleased with her scene that she wanted to run out in the living room and take a bow. Only her audience wasn't applauding. He was on the telephone and he was saying, "You dizzy dish-water blonde, why didn't you keep your face closed?"

BILLY had already gone to work when Kay appeared next morning. She had her breakfast and went to the beauty parlor to keep an appointment which she had made the day before. She wanted her hair shampooed and her nails manicured today just as much as she had on the day before. The discovery of her husband's infidelity had in no way influenced her interest in her beauty. Besides, the beauty shop was as good a place as any to begin building Billy's publicity.

It was the manicurist who gave Kay her first opportunity. She was a woman who had been "doing" Kay's nails for more than a year and who took a tremendous interest in her young customer.

"You look so well, Mrs. Warren. I always say it's a pleasure to have you walk in. You're always so cheerful and fresh-looking."

"Really?" Kay smiled sadly. "Well, I don't feel so cheerful today. It took every ounce of will power I had to keep this appointment."

"What's the matter?" The manicurist's eyes snapped with excitement. Mrs. Warren had been married a year. Maybe there was happy gossip in the offing.

"Well, it's nothing startling. Just the old story. I don't suppose I ought to talk about it, but, heavens, you have to talk to somebody, and really, it's easier to talk to outsiders than to your own family."

"Of course it is," the manicurist agreed sympathetically. "Just you go ahead and tell me anything you feel like telling me. It won't go any further than this table."

"It's really nothing sensational," Kay said. "It's just that my marriage is on the rocks."

"On the rocks! It is!" The manicurist wanted to fling down the file and run to the other girls with the news. The Bronson-Warren marriage was a bust. It was on the rocks. But the other girls would ask her what had happened and she wouldn't know unless she sat tight and listened.

"I can't believe it could have happened to me," Kay was saying drearily. "I suppose that's what every woman says when it happens." She sighed.

The manicurist wanted to be certain that this was first-rate news that she was getting. "I bet you've just had your first quarrel," she said, "and you think the world's coming to an end on account of it."

"No, this is serious," Kay said.

"I'll bet you just think it is."

"Well, I'll tell you how serious it is. There's another woman."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. Oh, nobody knows what I've been through with the women! They won't let him be, and he can't be true to one when he can have so many. He's a ladies' man. He can't leave them alone."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said the manicurist, who didn't look sorry at all. "Are you going to divorce him?"

"No, I don't believe in divorce."

"But you *could* divorce him?"

"Oh, yes, I could."

That's all the manicurist wanted to know, and that's all Kay wanted to tell. She paid her bill at the cashier's desk and gave the manicurist a quarter. In return the girl gave her a friendly smile and the injunction to "take it easy."

Kay walked out in the bright sunshine. She got her dog out of the roadster and took him for a walk on the main street. She met many people she knew. As each told her that she was looking well she assured them that she should look wan and red-eyed, and when questioned launched into her dreary tale.

It was understood, of course, that it was in strictest confidence, and with glee Kay watched her listener itch to get away from her so that in strictest confidence the story could be told again.

SEVEN times before noon Kay told her dreadful secret. She wondered that people could be fools enough to accept it without asking themselves if there wasn't another, more genuine secret underneath. Didn't they know that if she were really heartbroken she would hide away like a wounded animal instead of parading the streets of the town? Didn't they know that unless there was a secret reason for advertising Billy's perfidy that she would have been too proud and too disgusted to mention it? People were dumb. After knowing her a lifetime they were not surprised to see her wearing her heart on her sleeve. They accepted her words without suspicion. It was because they accepted what pleased them most. It was a

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satisfying picture no doubt, this one of Smarty-Cat Bronson at last realizing that she was no different from anybody else and looking around for sympathy and advice.

At twelve o'clock Kay stepped back in her car and drove to her mother's house. She wanted to tell her mother that she was leaving Billy before somebody else told her. It would make Mama very mad if it came from a stranger.

She wondered if Mama and Leonard would invite her back home to live. Or would they build her another cottage covered with red roses and pink satin? You could never tell about them.

She was surprised to find Leonard at home. She walked in and seated herself in the library. Her dog settled himself at her feet and Leonard took a chair across the room from her.

"Where's Mama?" she asked.

"She's upstairs, asleep."

"Is she ill?"

"She was awake all night with a toothache."

Kay smiled. "And you stayed home all day to hold her hand."

"Not exactly. I came home a little while ago to see if she was all right."

"And is she?"

"She hasn't awakened since I've been here. I'm glad she's resting."

"Yes, the rest will do her good."

Leonard said nothing for a while. He looked out of the window. Kay took advantage of the moment to notice how fat he was getting and to think that regardless of the animosity which had always flourished between herself and Leonard, there was no gainsaying the fact that he had always been a kind and thoughtful husband.

"Your mother was exhausted from pain," he said. "I doubt that she'll awaken within the next hour. Did you want particularly to see her?"

"Yes. I have something to tell her."

"Oh. Do you suppose you could tell me? I would faithfully carry the message."

"I'll wait for her."

"Very well. As you please. I only thought the waiting might be dull."

"Maybe it will be, at that."

Kay considered. If Leonard told Mama, the news wouldn't be coming from a stranger. "I came over to tell her that I'm leaving Billy."

"You are?" Leonard was astonished.

"Yes. I think it's best."

"May I ask what has happened?"

Kay spread the word for the eighth time: "He has another woman."

"Not really!"

Signs and Signals

By TOM A. BURKE

[Editor's Note: This is the twelfth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

HE shies away from such well known warning signs as "Smallpox," "Explosives—Handle with Care"; but such injunctions as "Slippery When Wet," or "Danger—Go Slow," do not seem to register their true meaning to one type of traffic chiseler.

Now, traffic experience often dictates just where such signs are to be erected. We should regard them with the same respectful attention we give to tombstones. They are memorials to tragic experience that may have meant suffering or perhaps death.

To some traffic chiselers the "go" light is the signal to try to beat the other fellow to the next corner. A "stop" sign tells him that maybe he ought to slow down a little.

A fundamental law of traffic is that the four letters S-T-O-P mean but one thing, to come to a complete halt, a dead stop. But, strangely enough, it seems to be one of the hardest lessons to learn.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

LEARNS HOW TO SOOTHE EYES AFTER DRIVING

WELL, MOTHER, I MADE IT. BUT THAT ALL-DAY DRIVE SURE WAS HARD ON MY EYES!
ALL YOU NEED IS A LITTLE MURINE.
10 MINUTES LATER
DID MURINE HELP YOUR EYES, MY BOY?
I'LL SAY SO! WHY, THAT HEAVY, BURNING FEELING IS GONE COMPLETELY.

Why suffer from tired, heavy, burning eyes after motoring or other exposure to sun, wind and dust? For a few drops of *Murine* will instantly ease the discomfort and help prevent an unsightly bloodshot condition! *Murine* is approved by *Good Housekeeping Bureau*, costs less than a penny an application, and is sold by druggists everywhere. Write Murine Company, Chicago, for free book on eye care.

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Is your product styled for modern people? Then why not tell the largest number of modern Canadian people all about it? Liberty reaches more of the people whom you sell, or wish to sell, in style-conscious urban Canada than any magazine—reaches them at lower cost and with assured visibility for your selling message.

"Oh, yes. Quite definitely."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes."

Leonard took a cigarette from a gold case and tapped it thoughtfully on the back of his hand. "Now, look here, Kay. I want to give you a little advice. Don't do anything in haste."

"What do you mean?"

"Give plenty of thought to the circumstances before you leave Billy."

"What thought is necessary? Could a woman live with a man after anything like this?"

"Many women do."

"They're insane."

"That's your youth speaking now, Kay. If you love Billy, you'll have to take him as he is and be glad you have him."

"Did you ever hear me say I loved Billy?"

"You married him."

"Yes, I married him, and you asked no questions and gave no advice. I was grateful for your disinterest then, and I'd be grateful for it now."

"All right." He was angry. You could see it in his lips. They had suddenly become very white and thin. The dog knew he was angry. The perennially mournful eyes fixed themselves on Leonard watchfully.

A servant came downstairs and addressed Leonard: "Mrs. Walters is awake now."

Leonard stood up. Kay stood up.

Leonard said, "Your mother had a bad night and she is nervous and upset. I don't want you to further upset her with your troubles and worries. Save them for another day."

He walked toward the stairs. Kay walked with him. At the bottom step he turned to her. "I can't trust you not to blab your troubles and upset her. I wish you wouldn't come up."

Kay said, "Wait a minute. Is this a toothache she's recovering from or a major operation?"

"It's a toothache, but it has made her nervous."

"I see."

Mama's voice came floating down the stairs: "Is that you, Kay?"

"Yes, Mama."

"Come up. What are you standing down there for?"

Leonard and Kay looked at each other. He waited for her to raise her voice in complaint to her mother, but she said nothing.

"I'm keeping her downstairs," Leonard called. "I thought you were a little too exhausted for company."

"Oh," said Mama's voice. Then, "Well, whatever you think, Leonard."

Leonard said to Kay, "Come back about five thirty."

"I can't," she said. "I'm leaving town."

She was as surprised as he was. The moment the words passed her lips she realized they had been born of a foolish childlike pique, a desire to hurt Mama. She was ruefully amused. As though it would hurt Mama for her to leave town. It would be a godsend at this time. A neat settlement of what bid fair to be a nasty problem. This would settle everything, and everybody would be relieved.

"Where are you going?"

She shook her head. "I'll write."

She looked down at the dog. It was a beautiful fawn color. Leonard liked dogs. Even ones that didn't like him. He enjoyed wooing them and gaining their confidence and affection. Kay saw the look.

She said, "Well, good-by."

She went out and walked around to the rear of the house. She opened the gate of the dog run where once Fluffy the chow had coquettishly disported herself, where Daddy's Irish setter Boru had lived with the funny little terrier named Jo-Jo.

"Go on in," she said to the great Dane. "You'll get to like it. He's a swell fellow with dogs. Honestly he is."

The great Dane looked at her. His eyes said, "Aren't you coming, too?"

"I'm going away. They'd make you sleep in a baggage car. That would be dreadful. Good-by."

She walked quickly away. He knew better than to bark at her, but he thought she ought to look back when he moaned so sorrowfully. But she wouldn't look. She kept walking, and presently she disappeared from sight.

She went to the bank and drew all that was left of the five thousand. That was an amount not too close to six hundred dollars. She and Billy had denied themselves nothing within reason. She went home and packed two trunks and two suitcases. She sat down and wrote to Billy, saying she couldn't forgive his infidelity. That would be a signed statement for him to show when he told his story. Poor devil, he'd be so bewildered by all that had happened to him within the last year that it would be a wonder if he didn't lose the slight grip he had on sanity. She told him in the note that he could have the cottage and the roadster.

For a time she had considered driving the car instead of taking a train, but in all fairness to the great Dane she couldn't do that, and besides, it would be too tiring. She did not ever say to herself, "I am going to New York," and she thought that she hadn't the remotest notion of where she was going, but in the back of her mind she had known perfectly well ever since she had said to Leonard, "I'm leaving town."

After she had packed and written the note to Billy she sat down on the edge of her bed to wonder if she was a fool. It was all so like one of those ghastly pitfall stories where the young heroine goes out to conquer the wicked city. And it was all so unnecessary. She didn't have to go. Mama and Leonard would take her in and be kind to her.

Or they would support her in a small house or apartment of her own. In either case she could make a new life for herself. There would be friends and further study, two beautiful prospects which were impossible with Billy.

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WIFE'S DELIGHT AT HUSBAND'S LOSS

30 Pounds of Fat!

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"I really feel I must write and tell you that, after taking Kruschen Salts for nearly 3 months, my husband has got his weight down from 230 lbs. to 200 lbs. This has been achieved by nothing else but Kruschen. I am too heavy also, and I started taking Kruschen only three weeks ago. Already I have got down from 153 lbs. to 144 lbs. We are delighted."—(Mrs.) C.

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SHOULD BE TOLD

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KDKA	Pittsburgh
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WENR	Chicago
KWCR	Cedar Rapids
KSO	Des Moines
WREN	Kansas City
KOIL	Omaha-Council Bluffs
KWK	St. Louis

NBC BLUE NETWORK

And sometime or other there would probably be a second marriage. That was the sensible line-up. The line-up of Dr. Garrison's promising young student.

But on the other hand Mama and Leonard didn't really want her, and living alone in this town would be trying.

Billy would pursue her, and that would be painful. Then, too, there would be no privacy. The town would watch and wonder and hazard guesses.

Her most innocent act would cause discussion and her least innocent one would land her mother and Leonard on her neck. She did not anticipate a life of sin which would embarrass the Walters, but she was remembering the girl whose desires had driven her to marrying Billy Warren.

One could not guess what such a girl might still do.

And in another place she could get a job and be a cog in a vast city of workers. People wouldn't accept the tradition of her fine mind. She would have to prove to them that she had a fine mind. She would work and amount to something. That would be fun.

To be anonymous would be thrilling. Here everybody knew all about her and her parents and her grandparents and her stepfather and her husband.

It would be exciting to be unknown and to try making your way in the world.

She could be anything she wanted to be. That was the fun of it. Beauty, brains, and youth. Time and ability to learn anything. Nothing was impossible.

The world was hers if she wished to claim it.

"I could write," she said to herself. "I know I could. Or I could be an actress or a teacher or go to college and study medicine or dentistry or even law. There's nothing I couldn't do."

She was stunned to realize that in actual fact these things were true. Nothing in her appearance, mental make-up, or in her circumstances precluded any dream from materializing.

"It's nice to be young, but I will be glad to take on two or three years. I still have childish impulses and ideas that only time can cure. That anonymous notion, for instance—that's childish. Every kid dreams of changing her name and posing as somebody else."

SHE brooded for a moment on the advisability of any one so handicapped by youth daring the whirlpool of a great city.

Then she remembered that the city has no monopoly on misery and mistakes. You can find just as many ways of making a fool of yourself in a small town as you can in a large one.

She had expected Mama to telephone, but evidently Leonard had not told her the news. Well, that was that.

Kay called a taxi and had her suitcases and trunks loaded on it. She was going to New York to select one of the many glorious careers open to her.

Enroute to the station she bought herself a corsage, a box of candy, and several magazines. This was more fun than any dream, more exciting than skiing, and, inside where nobody saw, it was more frightening than a loaded gun.

Reared in luxury, untrained for any type of work, how can this beautiful cultured young girl hope to make her way, alone and unaided, in the welter and strife of New York? Next week's installment introduces her to her first thrills, bewilderments, and fears in the great city.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Why is the first month of the year called January?

2—How many days did it take Columbus to cross the Atlantic on his first voyage?

3—What is the origin of gypsy?

4—What are anthropophagi?

5—Who invented the first American steamboat?

6—Who founded and what are Rhodes scholarships?

7—Where are the largest railway repair shops in the world?

8—What is the origin of the word boulevard?

9—From whence does the word dime derive?

10—Which state has been called the Mother of Presidents?

11—Why do we use sinister to denote something evil?

12—What is the origin of the word budget?

13—What is a perennial plant?

14—From what does the word salary originate?

15—In a church service, what is a collect?

16—Hecatomb means what?

17—Who wrote "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all"?

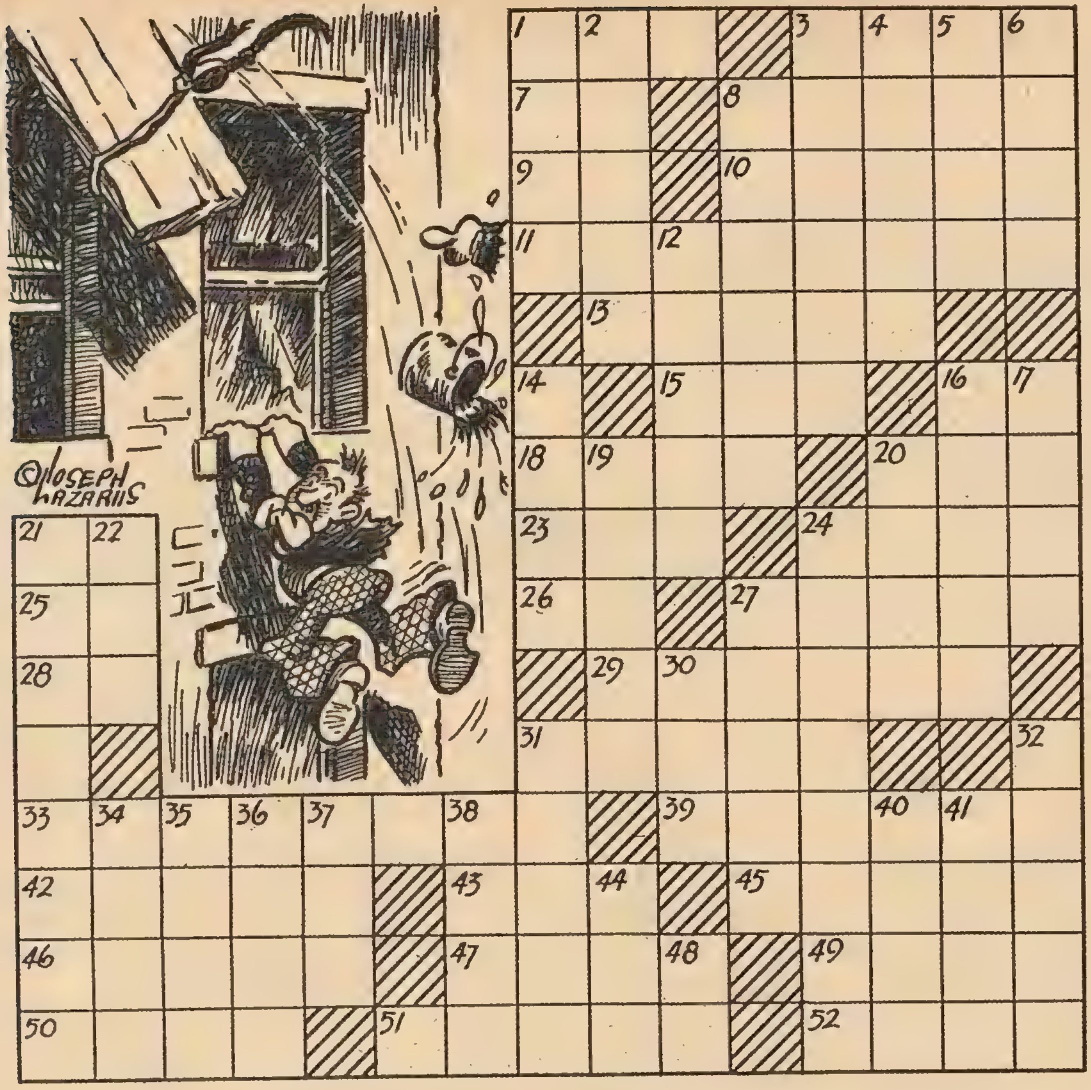
18—Which is the highest waterfall in the world?

19—What is the origin of punch, meaning the beverage?

20—Who was Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit?

(Answers will be found on page 56)

CROSS WORDS



After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the saying suggested in the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

HORIZONTAL

1 Possessive pronoun
3 To stop
7 A small fish
8 To cut closely
9 The (Spanish)
10 Rods
11 Makers of laws
13 A black bird
15 Prefix: wrong
16 Missouri (abbr.)
18 Structure for baking
20 A number of animals
21 Senior (abbr.)
23 Man's nickname
24 Knowledge
25 Toward
26 Sound of hesitation
27 Courage
28 Pronoun
29 A sea demigod
31 To harass
33 A leaping animal
39 A season
42 Motionless
43 A woman's title (abbr.)
45 To provoke
46 Wheel for raising water
47 An Egyptian goddess
49 To scrutinize
50 Gnosticism (abbr.)
51 Narrative
52 An ornamental knob

VERTICAL

1 Hastens
2 A lazy person
3 Young hogs
4 A claw
5 Always
6 To muddle
8 A horse disease
12 Entitled
14 Routine
16 Person mentally subnormal
17 River in Prussia
19 Turn over (Latin)
20 A game
21 Adhering
22 Corrode
24 Tardiness
27 A call
30 Crude
31 Part of the body
32 Tendency
34 Soon
35 Roman emperor
36 Gray (French)
37 One of a Filipino tribe
38 Leave out
40 Diplomacy
41 Elder son of Isaac
44 Title of respect
48 A scythe (Scotch)

▨	F	A	M	E	D	▨	E	S	T	A	T	E	S	▨
C	A	L	A	B	A	R	▨	P	E	N	A	N	C	E
O	R	▨	L	O	V	E	▨	R	A	N	G	▨	O	X
T	C	D	▨	N	I	A	G	A	R	A	▨	R	O	C
T	E	I	L	▨	D	R	A	W	S	▨	P	A	T	E
A	U	R	I	C	▨	E	L	L	▨	R	A	V	E	L
G	R	E	E	T	E	D	▨	S	O	I	L	E	D	▨
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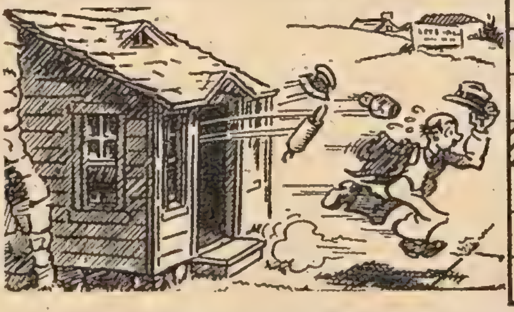

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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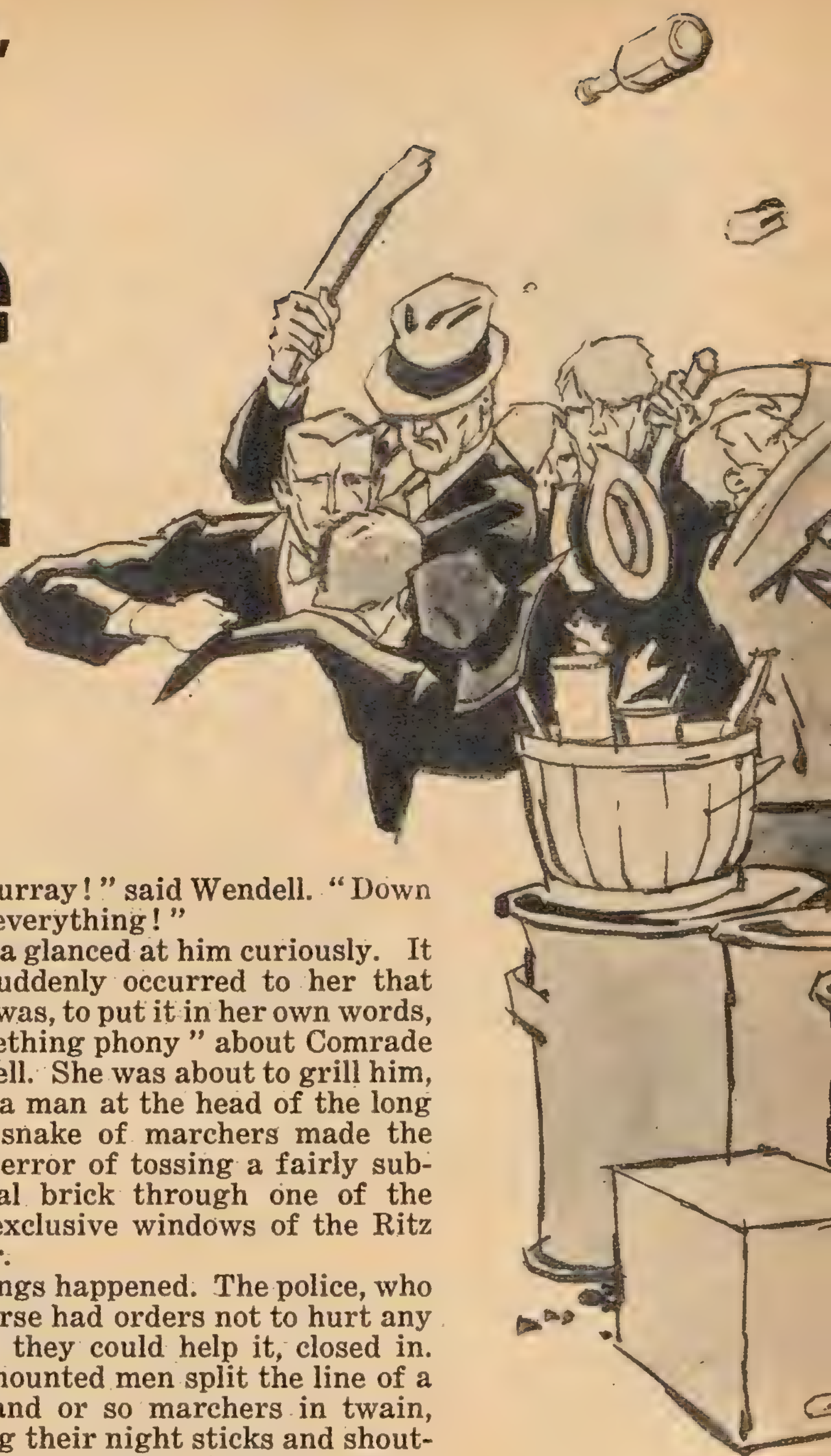
This Begins with a Fight and Ends with a Fight—but Believe It or Not, It's a Love Story!

Comrade Wendell



READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 29 SECONDS

TOYA VLADIMIR was mildly surprised to find marching beside her a young man in a suit of clothes that looked as though it had cost some one a great deal of money. The young man was pleasant-looking, and on his face was just that spirit of intense purpose she liked to see. She didn't know his intense purpose was simply to get to know her. She turned and smiled at him. He immediately raised his right hand high and cried, " Recognition for the workers!Boooooo! "

" That's the old fight! " said Toya Vladimir in remarkably pure English.

" You bet! " said Oliver Wendell. " What's your name? "

" Toya Vladimir. Council Number Four, City Communist League. Booooo! "

" Booooo! " echoed Oliver Wendell.

" What party are you? " said Toya.

Wendell had the answer to that one on the tip of his tongue. He'd read her placard from the window of the Racquet Club, where he'd been idly watching the parade of demonstrators.

" Workers, of course."

Toya took one hand from her stick and held it out. Wendell shook it enthusiastically.

" What's your name, comrade? "

" Wendell, comrade. May I carry your sign for you for a while? "

She handed over the stick. Half enjoying himself and half feeling like a fool, and thoroughly hoping he didn't meet any one he knew, Wendell took it and marched on up Park Avenue.

" Where did you work? " said Toya presently. " Were you a head waiter or something? You look pretty fancy."

Wendell thought quickly.

" I used to be a host at Delmonico's."

Toya looked at him suspiciously.

" Hungh? I don't get you."

" You know—a host," said Wendell. " I'd get lots of people to come there for cocktails and things."

" Oh," she said. " You mean you were a male hostess. Are you broke? "

" No," said Wendell. " I've got some money put by." He saw a chance to get even with her for that crack about being a male hostess. " What do you do? Checkroom girl? "

" Nothing of the kind," she said, and added proudly, " I'm an agitator."

" You're not really a worker, then? "

" I'm one of the workers and for the workers. Down with capital! "

" Hurray! " said Wendell. " Down with everything! "

Toya glanced at him curiously. It had suddenly occurred to her that there was, to put it in her own words, " something phony " about Comrade Wendell. She was about to grill him, when a man at the head of the long black snake of marchers made the great error of tossing a fairly substantial brick through one of the very exclusive windows of the Ritz Tower.

Things happened. The police, who of course had orders not to hurt any one if they could help it, closed in. Two mounted men split the line of a thousand or so marchers in twain, waving their night sticks and shouting the curses of Erin. More mounted men joined them, and the foot patrolmen, unlimbering their billies, got to work. In less than thirty seconds from the time the brick went through the window the splendid display of brave workers for the Cause had suddenly turned into a group of very frightened and rather pathetic men and women fighting each other to get out of the milling, trampling crowd.

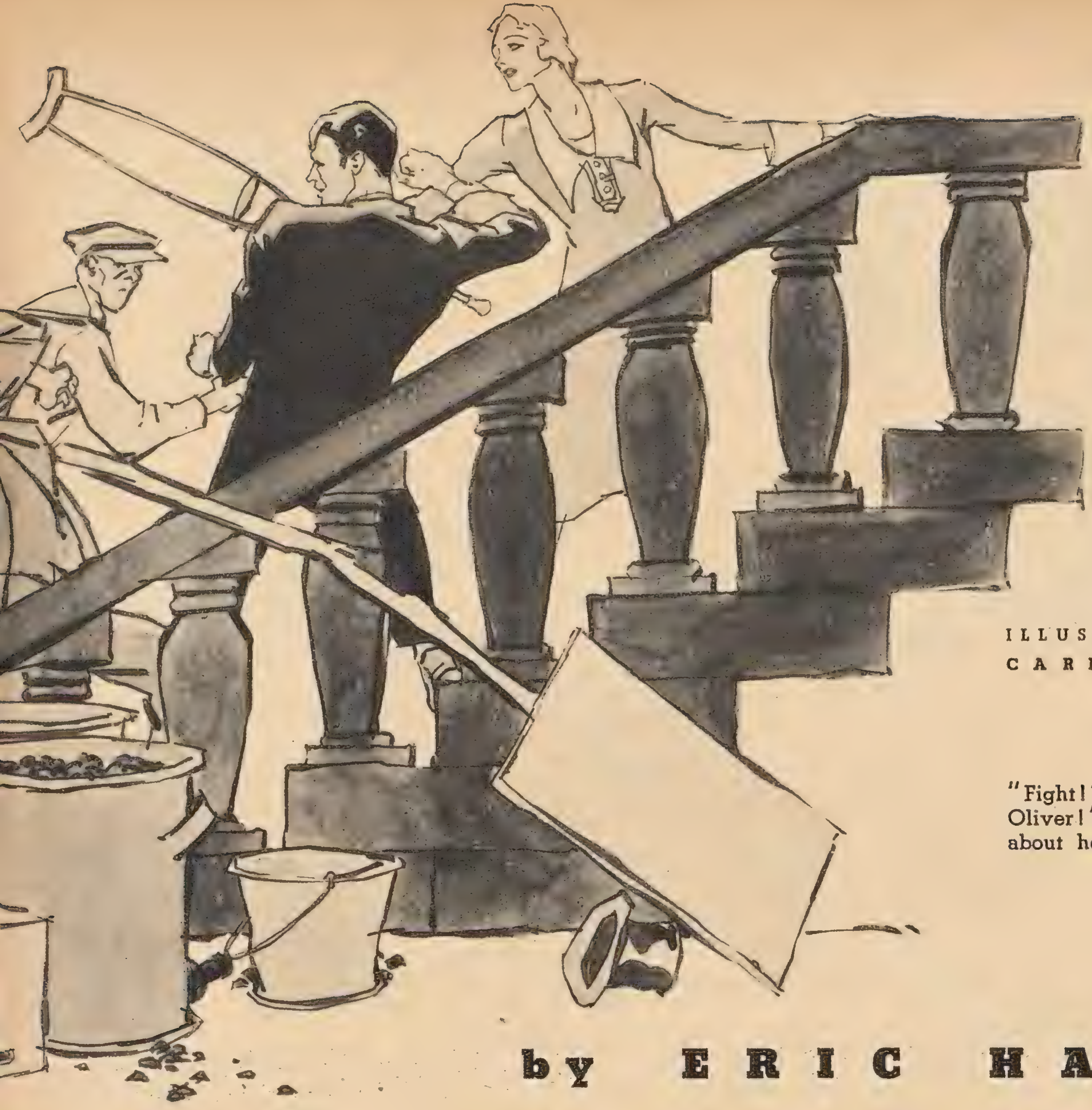
Wendell and Toya Vladimir were about midway in the line of march, so they were perhaps half a block away from the place where the police first broke through. And so, as the marchers metamorphosed into a panic-stricken mob and turned about, fleeing the horses' hoofs, Toya and Wendell caught the brunt of their flight.

Wendell grabbed Toya by the arm and dragged her across the sidewalk to a building. She stood with her back to it, waving her sign and shouting to the crowd to stand and fight. Her eyes were shining. Wendell, now thoroughly out of sympathy with all this monkey business, found himself admiring her. She might be wrong, but she had guts and she was a sportsman. As the mob swarmed around them, sweeping them from the wall of the building, he caught her arm again and yelled at her.

" Hey! " he cried. " We'd better get the hell out of here."

" Fight! " shouted Toya. " Fight for the Cause! "

Then the fleeing comrades got to be too much for them. Toya tried to stand her ground, but there wasn't a chance. The sheer weight of numbers swept her on. Wendell held tight to her hand. A policeman happened to come near



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARL PFEUFER

"Fight!" she cried. "Fight, Oliver!" She began laying about her with the crutch.

by ERIC HATCH

by. He took a swing at Wendell with his stick and missed. Wendell let out with his left fist. The blow landed square on the patrolman's chin and he fell sprawling.

"That's the old fight!" yelled Toya.

Wendell felt like explaining to the policeman how he happened to be there, but when you find yourself in the dead center of a riot you can't observe all the niceties of civilization. He looked away from the fallen enemy and saw that Toya had tripped and was lying in the street, with those frightened people trampling her. He was shocked—genuinely, completely shocked, probably for the first time in his life. He stepped between her and the mob and, squaring himself, socked—it is the only word—right and left at every one who came near her, so that she would have a chance to get up.

BUT she didn't get up. An ex-waiter from the Plaza, who chanced to have a penchant for hobnailed boots when he was off duty and who didn't like horses, had caught her a clip on the side of the head as he ran over her. Toya Vladimir was sublimely unconscious.

Oliver Wendell saw that there were only a few ex-marchers or refugees between him and the mounties now. He looked around to see if Toya was all right and up and about again. He saw her lying there, a tiny red ribbon of blood running down over her forehead. He looked up. Five mounted policemen were cantering toward them. He thought fast, and then, having fox-hunted and steeplechased, he did the only thing possible under the circumstances. He threw himself down on top of Toya and lay very still until the horses had passed safely over them.

Except for the casualties, the mob had gone on. Wendell picked Toya up in his arms and carried her to the corner. Since the police had driven the riot south and north, the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Park Avenue was once again much as usual. There was a taxi at the curb. Wendell got into it with some difficulty.

"Where to?" said the driver.

"Nearest hospital," said Wendell.

Toya Vladimir came to.

"Please take me home," she said in a voice so low and pathetic that it was difficult for Wendell to think of her as a fighter.

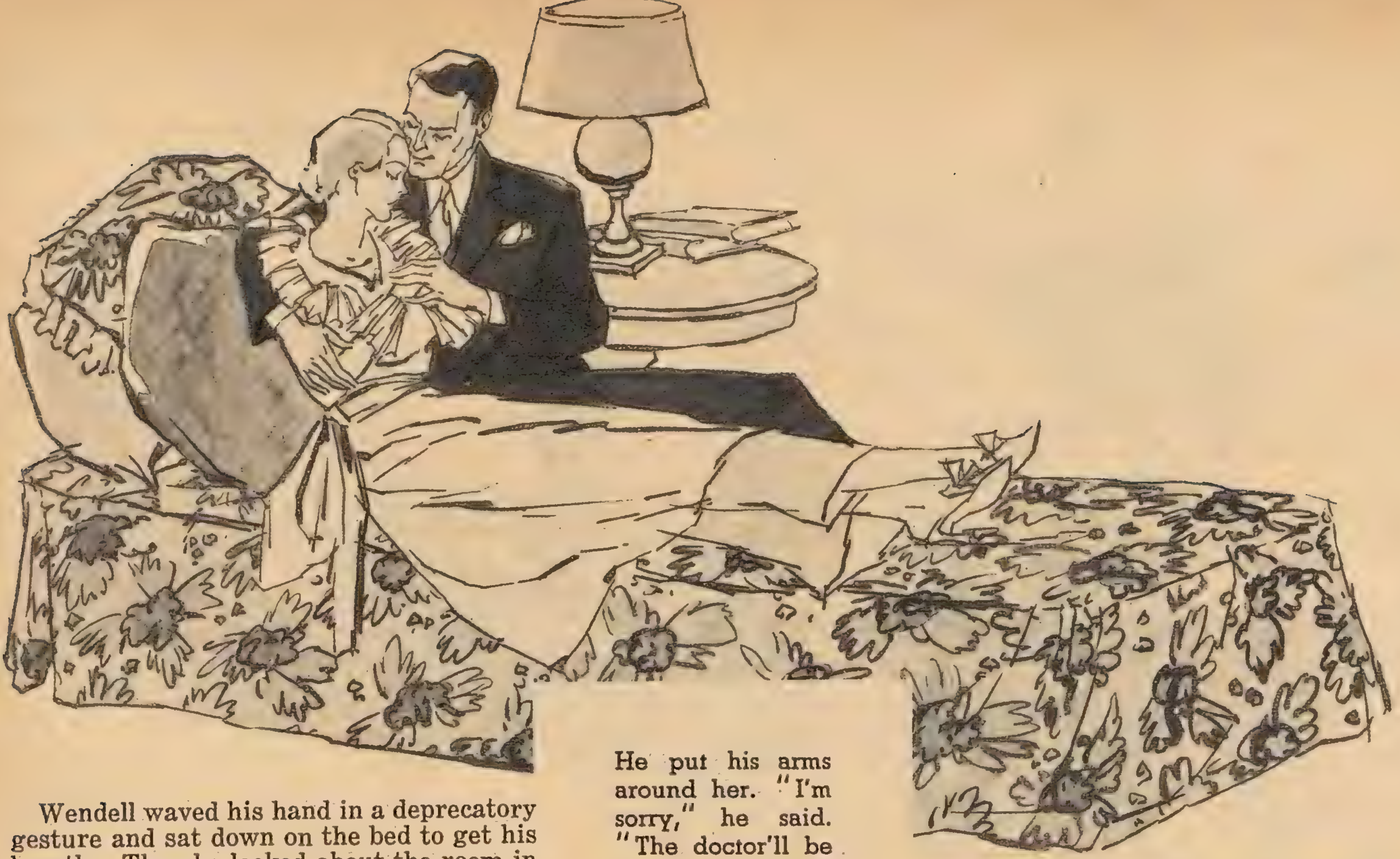
"Where's home?"

"Thirteen Sixty East Ninth," said Toya Vladimir. Then, as Wendell carefully lowered himself to the seat beside her, she inconsiderately fainted again.

Panting—for, although she was small, what there was of Toya was solid and the stairs were steep—Wendell stopped outside the door of her apartment. She had revived and, except for a sprained and bruised ankle, seemed well enough. Still holding her, he bent over so she could unlock her door. Then, feeling a distinct sensation of agreeable adventure, he carried her in and laid her on the bed.

Toya looked up at him.

"I'm sorry to have caused you so much trouble, comrade."



He put his arms around her. "I'm sorry," he said. "The doctor'll be here in a minute."

Wendell waved his hand in a deprecatory gesture and sat down on the bed to get his breath. Then he looked about the room in surprise. He had expected her apartment to be either monastic or exotic. This room was neither. It suggested more a room in a girl's boarding school. There was the studio bed made up for the day as a divan and laden with bright-colored pillows. There were two comfortable chairs, a piano, a settee, window drapes that matched the cover on the studio bed, a dressing table, another table with framed photographs on it, and a fireplace.

The false note in the otherwise pleasant scheme of decorations—a note, though, which blended, curiously enough, with the boarding-school motif, was struck by three violently revolutionary banners tacked to the walls and three or four sets of spare placards on sticks standing in a corner. Wendell smiled. Then, having stopped panting and so being capable of speech again, he said, "If you'll tell me where you keep them, I'll get your pyjamas and stuff, and you can get in bed while I go down and telephone for a doctor."

Toya Vladimir looked at him, eyes wide.

"But I can't be in bed with you here," she said.

"You'd be surprised," said Oliver Wendell.

He got up and opened a door that appeared to lead to a closet. Inside were hanging the usual array of lady clothes. He took pyjamas and a blue woolly bath robe from a hook and returned to the bed.

"You've had a concussion. I know all about concussions. You're going to bed and you're going to stay there."

"No," said Toya.

Wendell, amazed at such conventionality cropping up in an agitator and having small patience with it, said, "Either you get yourself there, kid, or I put you there—and don't step on that bad foot."

Then he went out of the room and downstairs to the coin-box telephone.

When he came back some ten minutes later, Toya Vladimir, looking entirely charming and pathetic, was pyjamaed and modestly wrapped in the woolly dressing gown and lay propped up on the multicolored pillows.

"I tried to get in bed, but I couldn't, my ankle hurt so."

Her ankle, he could see now, was horribly discolored and swollen. Must hurt like the very devil.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

"I won't be able to help at all, now that I can't picket and march."

The tears spilled over and ran down her cheeks. "It hurts—like hell."

Oliver Wendell, who up until now had been really having a terribly nice time toying around with adventure, found something happening inside himself. He looked down at Toya Vladimir and his heart melted with sympathy and understanding. He quickly stepped over to the studio bed, sat down beside her, and put his arms around her.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "I wish I could do something, but the doctor'll be here in a minute."

TOYA had been hurt and she had been emotionally wrought up and she felt like the devil and she just couldn't hold it any longer. She buried her face in his shoulder and frankly wept. Wendell's heart melted more and more until it consisted of practically nothing but a jellying mass of sympathy and love. Presently she stopped crying for a moment and raised a tear-streaked face.

"I don't know you," she said. "I never saw you before. And here I'm bawling all over you. It's so silly!"

"Not silly at all," said Wendell.

"Yes it *is!*"

The sniffy nose went back into his shoulder. The tears flowed harder and harder.

Though she had stopped weeping and was only giving an occasional sniff and sob now and then, he was still patting her back mother-fashion when, twenty minutes later, the doctor arrived.

Wendell, over the telephone, had tipped off the doctor, whom he knew very well, to call him "comrade" and not to let on he lived in a Park Avenue penthouse. The doctor was very efficient. He bathed, dressed, and strapped the ankle, dressed the tiny cut on Toya's head, told her he'd come in the next day, gave her a hypodermic of morphine to put her to sleep, said "Good night, Comrade Wendell," and took his departure.

When he was gone, Wendell, being very careful not to disturb the bad ankle, took the cover off the studio bed and contrived to slide Toya, who was beginning to feel the morphine, between the sheets and cover her. Then he went to the windows and opened them, looking out for a second at the dusk and thinking of how very odd it was that he should be there. Then he dragged one of the easy-chairs close to the bed, sat down in it, and lighted a cigarette. Presently Toya, now in that pleasant state of being half awake and yet half asleep, reached out and took his hand.

"You're a nice man, Comrade Wendell. What's other name?"

"Oliver."

"Nice Oliver."

There was a silence. The noises of the street drifted in through the open windows: the hooting of a taxi horn, the blurred hum of motors, the distant roar of the elevated, the staccato revolverlike sound of a truck backfiring.

"Too bad we lost the riot."

More silence.

"Will I see you again, Oliver?"

This he could answer:

"You bet your life you will, Toya!"

He felt the small hand stir warmly in his. Then he heard her sigh and knew she was asleep. He sat quite still for a long time. Then he gently lifted her hand and put her arm under the covers, and went to the dresser and picked up the keys to the apartment, and went out.

He came back some little time later. He'd had a sandwich and had bought the various lotions the doctor wanted applied to Toya's ankle. He let himself in and groped his way to the bathroom, where he turned on the light and set down his bottles. Then, leaving the light on, he went back to the bed.

TOYA had turned on her side and was sleeping deeply and peacefully, the way children sleep. A lock of hair had fallen over her forehead. Oliver smoothed it back into place. She stirred and reached out with her hand.

He settled himself in the chair again and took her hand. Time passed. The sounds in the street grew less. Oliver's limbs grew stiff. Presently his head dropped forward and he slept.

He was still sitting so when the first gray light of dawning stole quietly into Ninth Street with the milkman and when the sun in its own impudent fashion came and awakened them.

For a week Oliver nursed Toya and her ankle. He brought her lovely expensive things to eat and told her he'd stolen them from Delmonico's. He religiously applied the lotions to her dressing and officiated at the required rubbings. Each night he slept on an improvised bed made out of the two easy-chairs. Each day he grew to love her more and more; but considering he had her in the position of what an olden melodrama would have called at his mercy, it didn't seem sporting to make love to her.

ERIC HATCH *was, he says, slightly educated in private schools; engaged in the banking investment business, 1918 to 1927; and then was made a member of the firm. He retired in 1928 to devote his time to writing. He houseboats in the summer, and winters abroad.*

She had been so shy at the first suggestion that he even be in the room while she was in bed that his Puritan instincts had taken the situation quite out of his hands. The more intimate they became, the more he leaned over backward to keep any possible suggestion of sex out of their relationship. He would tell her how he felt about her when she was well.

During the week he learned much about her. For, being away from the other agitators, she very nearly forgot about agitating and told him all about herself—though there really wasn't much to tell. Her parents lived in Vermont and were prosperous farmers. Her name was really Toya Barnard. She had come to New York to study music and had got interested in what she called the "Movement," and so she had practically given up her music to work for the Cause. Apparently the excitement, the oratory, and the mob spirit had swept her off her feet. She became fanatic.

In spite of the fact that she was definitely not showing the proper spirit in her work and seemed more interested in talking to Wendell and reading the novels he brought her than she was in the Cause, each day she sent him out to visit the hotels and talk with the picketers carrying the placards on their chests and backs and find out how things were going. She ordered him to the Union Square

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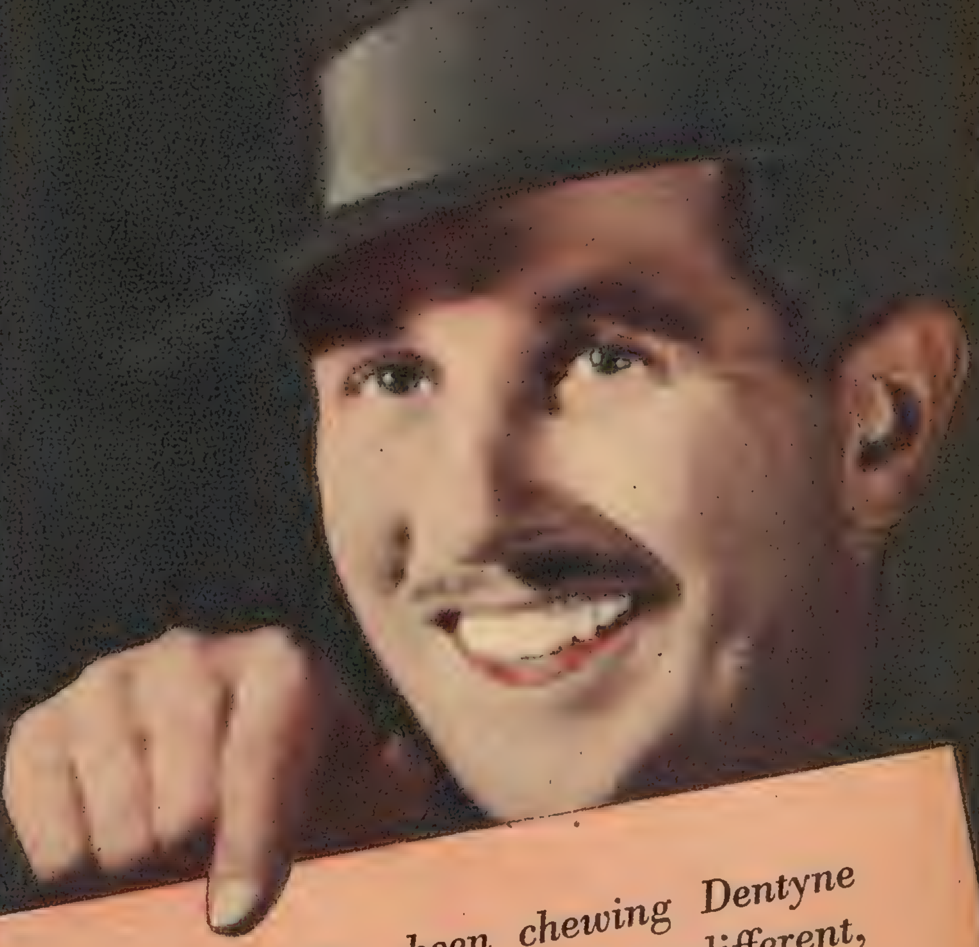

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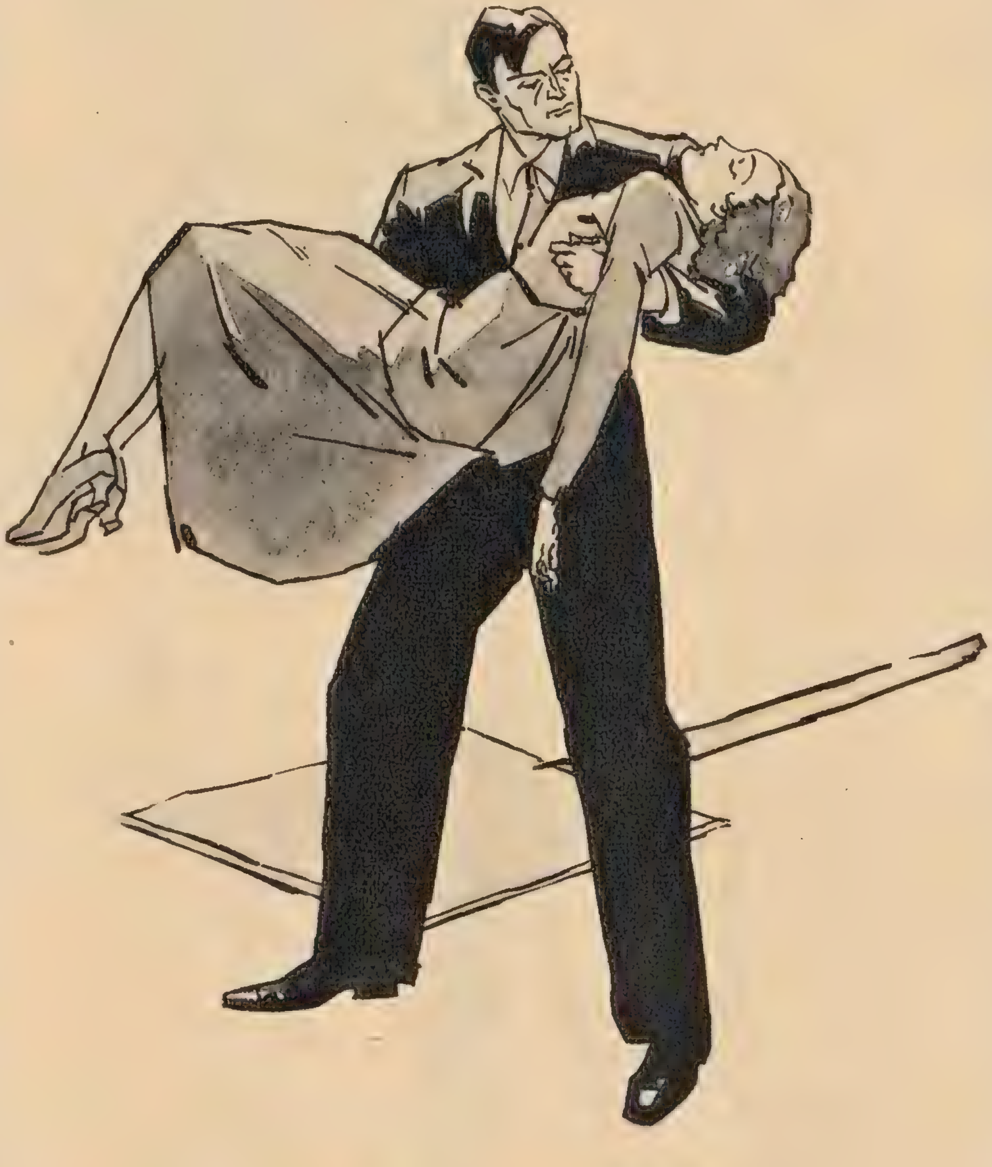
meeting, too. Since the meetings bored him stiff after the first one and it embarrassed him to talk to the striking waiters, he generally went to the Racquet Club, had a highball or two, and then came back and made up thrilling reports for her.

And then of an afternoon the doctor came, bringing with him a pair of crutches and the word that she could be up and about. Oliver immediately went out and bought a dozen roses. When he came back, Toya was dressed and walking around the room. He handed her the flowers, that were loosely wrapped in shiny green paper. His eyes were bright and his face flushed with stair climbing and enthusiasm. For a week he had been holding unspoken in his heart those things which it is most difficult for a man to keep so.

"Oh, my darling!" he said. "Now I'm free!"



Wendell carried her to the corner.

Toya had looked happy when he came into the room. Now she looked as though he'd struck her.

"Free?" She looked down. "I didn't know you felt like *that* about taking care of me!"

Oliver came close to her and put both hands on her shoulders.

"Free to tell you I love you," he said. "You will marry me, won't you?"

She raised her head now and looked into his eyes. There was love in her look—deep love.

"I'll be glad to live with you, Oliver, because I do love you, but *I* can't marry a—a—a male host. My family—I—it just wouldn't work, you know that." She patted his arm. "But I do love you, Oliver."

There were tears in her eyes. It is hard, even for a fanatic young Communist, to hurt some one she loves very much. Oliver put his arms around her and laughed.

"I'm not a male host out of a job," he said. "I've never had a job in my life and I've got more money than both of us know what to do with. I suppose"—he laughed again—"I suppose you'd call me a lousy capitalist."

A puzzled, angry look came over her face.

"Is that true? Is that absolutely true?"

He nodded.

"And all this week you've been lying to me! You were joking when you joined the parade. You hate Communists!"

"I love you," said Oliver Wendell.

"You've humiliated me!" she said. "Pretending to help the Cause, sleeping here in those chairs as though you were a comrade, getting yourself into my confidence—all the time laughing up your sleeve at me! I hate you! I wouldn't marry you now if you turned Communist, you lousy capitalist! Get out! Get out of here—see?"

She raised a crutch as though to strike him. He stood for a second, wondering if she actually would—wondering why he'd been fool enough to love her; wondering why on earth he'd slaved for her and worried about her and slept on the end of his spine in his clothes for a week. Then he turned and went out of the house.

Toya (Vladimir) Barnard watched him go. And then, because she was very much in love and at heart far more young woman than fanatic, and had suddenly felt a great loneliness stealing about her, she threw herself face down on the bed and sobbed. She sobbed most of the night.

Oliver Wendell drank most of the night. . . .

In the morning Toya, who had realized she probably didn't even know the right name of the man she had given her heart to and so had lost him forever, decided definitely to dedicate her life to the Cause. The decision, of course, made her feel better in a martyred sort of way. She spent the morning writing a pamphlet on just what she thought of capitalists—so violent that the ears of most of the bankers in town must have been scorching while she worked.

When she had finished, she worked for a while on a couple of new placards for pickets in the hotel strike—really snappy placards that said something.

Then she found herself gazing at the chairs that Oliver had made into a bed, and found she was beginning to cry again.

She shook her head and came to another decision. She decided she'd get dressed and hobble downstairs and take a taxi to Union Square and listen to the speeches. . . .

In the morning Oliver Wendell realized definitely and conclusively that he'd had far too much to drink the night before. Then, as time passed and his man brought him his breakfast and he got it down and his normal physical strength returned, he realized that something that had become very dear to him was suddenly entirely missing.

He sat up in bed, looked out at the sunny spring day, and said, "Damnation!" Then he got up. He had decided to do something about it—to put up a fight. He went over and stood by the window looking out at the early flowers that were just beginning to bloom on his terrace.

"The hell with it," he said. "I've got to think!"

Like all young capitalists, Oliver Wendell hated thinking—it was such an exhausting operation—but he was capable of it in a pinch. He thought hard. Presently, entirely alert now, and because of his very concentration on other matters having miraculously sidetracked the hangover, he slapped his thigh.

"The hell with it!" he said again. "Pickets!" . . .

Toya (Vladimir) Barnard cautiously lowered herself down the brownstone steps of the brownstone house and stood looking up and down Ninth Street, waiting for a taxi. She didn't feel strong enough to make the long trek to either avenue. There were no taxis in the block. She stood there for some little time, balancing from one crutch to the other to ease her shoulders. And then she saw something on the Fifth Avenue end of the street that stirred her. Men wearing placards were turning the corner and coming her way. She thought some of Council Four must have heard she'd been hurt in the riot and were going to demonstrate for her. The placard bearers came nearer. She could see them quite clearly now. But there was something about their looks. An unusually large crowd of the curious seemed to be following them, too.

And then they came still nearer, and she understood, and her heart began whamming against her ribs.

There were ten of them. Each was perfectly dressed in cutaway, spats, and top hat. In their lead, with a shakily lettered but entirely legible placard, marched Oliver Wendell. Toya read:

THIS ESTABLISHMENT IS UNFAIR TO CAPITALISTS—WE DEMAND BETTER TREATMENT

The next man, who looked like the popular idea of the man about town, bore the legend:

WE DEMAND EQUAL RECOGNITION WITH THE WORKERS BECAUSE WE WORK FOR THE WORKERS

And the third:

OUR CAUSE DEMANDS THAT THIS
ESTABLISHMENT RECOGNIZE IT

Fourth:

DOWN WITH EVERYTHING!
YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO DISMISS WENDELL

Toya watched, mingled emotions racing through her. The other signs were even madder in their demands. She wanted to laugh, and she wanted to tell Oliver she'd thought her heart would break after he'd left her, and she wanted to smack them down for making fun of her work. Anger, laughter, and love all had their way with her. The ten cutawayed gentlemen marched past her, about-faced, and marched back. She admitted to herself it was splendid picketing. The crowd of curious ones grew. Toya sat down on the steps. The marchers continued to parade back and forth in front of the house.

And then there happened what was bound to happen, considering the political sentiment of the district. One of the curious hooligans let his animosity toward nicely clothed, prosperous-looking citizens get the better of him. He knocked the top hat off the tenth man in the parade; and the tenth man, being something of an athlete, knocked him cold. In a split second the battle was on.

WENDELL'S ten friends, having little else to do in the world but sporting activities, were fit, but the hooligans outnumbered them many times; so, in spite of their valiant haymakers and uppercuts, they were driven back to the stoop. Toya, who loved a fight anyway, was fascinated. She lifted herself up several steps and stood looking down on the battle. Then she found Wendell. He was fighting two men in the very center of the crowd just below her. She saw his eyes, bright, shining, and she saw that he smiled as he fought, and all the woman of her came out and she lifted a crutch and caught one of the hooligans on the head with the metal end of it. Then she began shouting.

"Fight!" she cried. "Fight, Oliver! Fight! Oliver—oh, don't let them get you down!"

Holding on to the baluster for support, she began laying about her right and left with the crutch.

"Fight, Oliver! Fight!"

Oliver didn't hear her. He was far too busy to hear anything or to notice anything except the flying fists, arms, and bottles around him. Once or twice, though, he thought he saw the end of a crutch whiz past his head, but he couldn't tell whom it was aimed at.

Then, the traffic officer on Fifth Avenue having acted with speed, a police car carrying a score of reserves plowed into the mêlée, and it was over and every one was being shooed off and some of the worse-looking hooligans were being arrested. And Oliver suddenly found that his head was bleeding and that he was exhausted. He sat down on the steps.

"You—lousy—capitalist!"

Oliver Wendell looked up. Toya (Vladimir) Barnard was kneeling beside him, trying to wipe the blood off his face with her handkerchief. The look was in her eyes again that had been there the night before when she'd told him she loved him. Then she stopped trying to wipe his face and her arms were about him.

"You lousy capitalist! I love you so!"

Wendell smiled faintly.

"*Comrade* capitalist to you!" he said.

Then he sank down and let his head rest against her.

THE END

PAST THE CENSOR

By FRANCES INGRAM

Frances Ingram

I visited Kay Francis' modest home the other day and was astonished to see that her wardrobe is almost bare of clothes, that is, compared to the closets of most smart women. Though she is classed among the ten best-dressed women in the United States, Miss Francis buys very few outfits. But, here's the secret. What she has are of the best quality and taste.

Kay says that too much stress on clothes is apt to be fatal to an actress, because it encourages the public to regard her costuming above her performance. She claims that the most damaging comment that can be made in a film review is that the star wears clothes beautifully. It is like an art critic praising the artist's selection in frames.

I saw Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford at the Ambassador the other night. You knew, of course, that they plan to get married as soon as Joan gets her final decree from Doug. Fairbanks, Jr. Tone is rehearsing now for a picture with Jean Harlow, called "100 Percent Pure."

Max Arno, producing director of Warners, tells me that anyone who looks like Lenin, Trotsky, Kerensky or Lloyd George stands a good chance of playing in "British Agent," which stars the English actor, Leslie Howard.

★★★★ INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM, the Four Star Face Cream.

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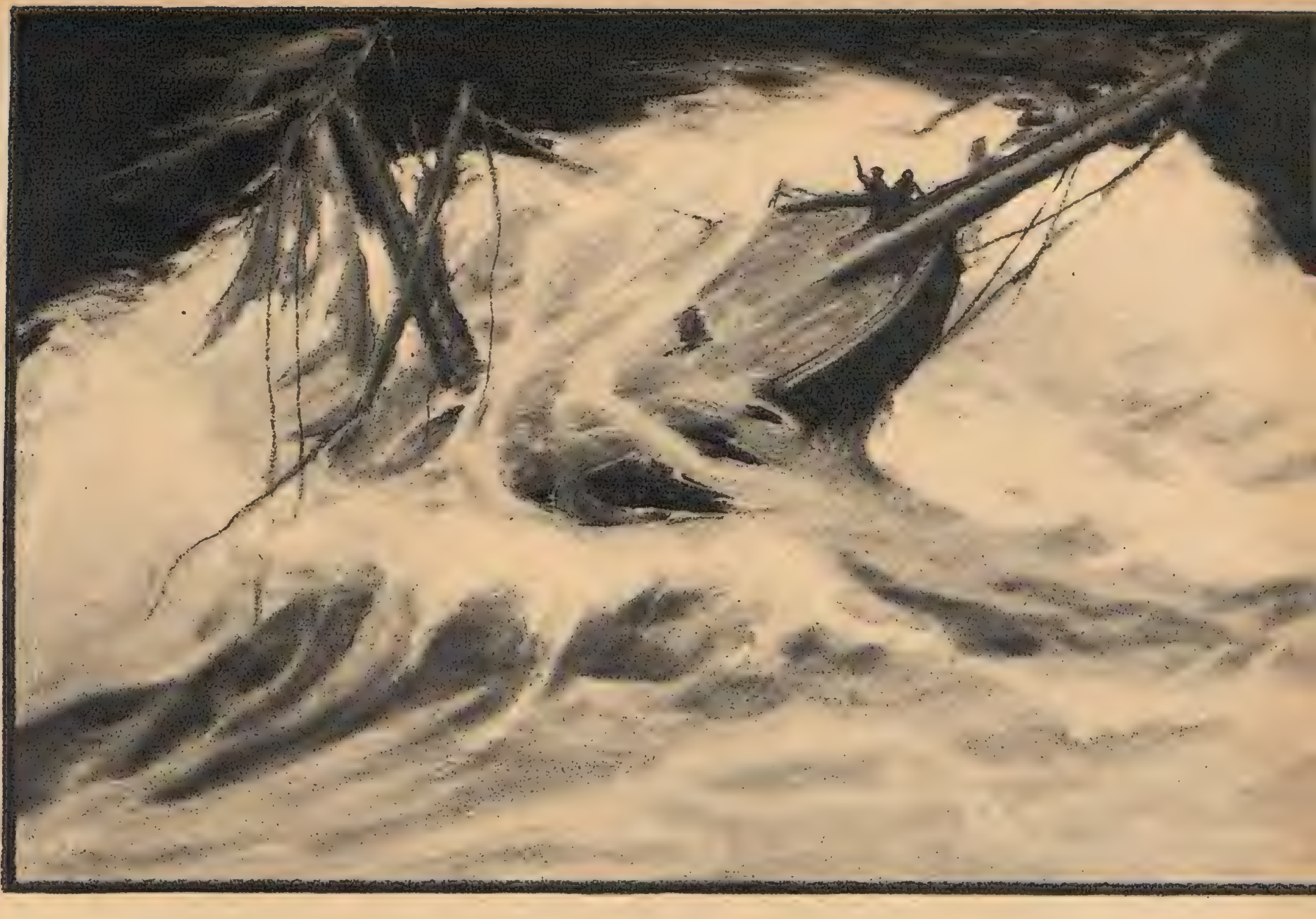


Hard-Boiled HEROES

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY T. FISK

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IN this series Mr. Irwin not only chronicles as much heroism in real life as could be found in a whole shelf of the most red-blooded fiction but also, incidentally, reminds their fellow countrymen that the Coast Guardsmen were indispensable and honored heroes more than a century before they were thought of as "fanatical drys," and that even during the years of prohibition they did infinitely more than chase rumrunners.

Having previously told the story of Captain Joshua James, "patron saint of American life-savers," Mr. Irwin last week recalled some all but miraculous rescues with the old breeches buoy—especially the one that was effected by Skipper Barco of the Dam Neck Mills life-saving station when the Jennie Hull went aground near Cape Hatteras.

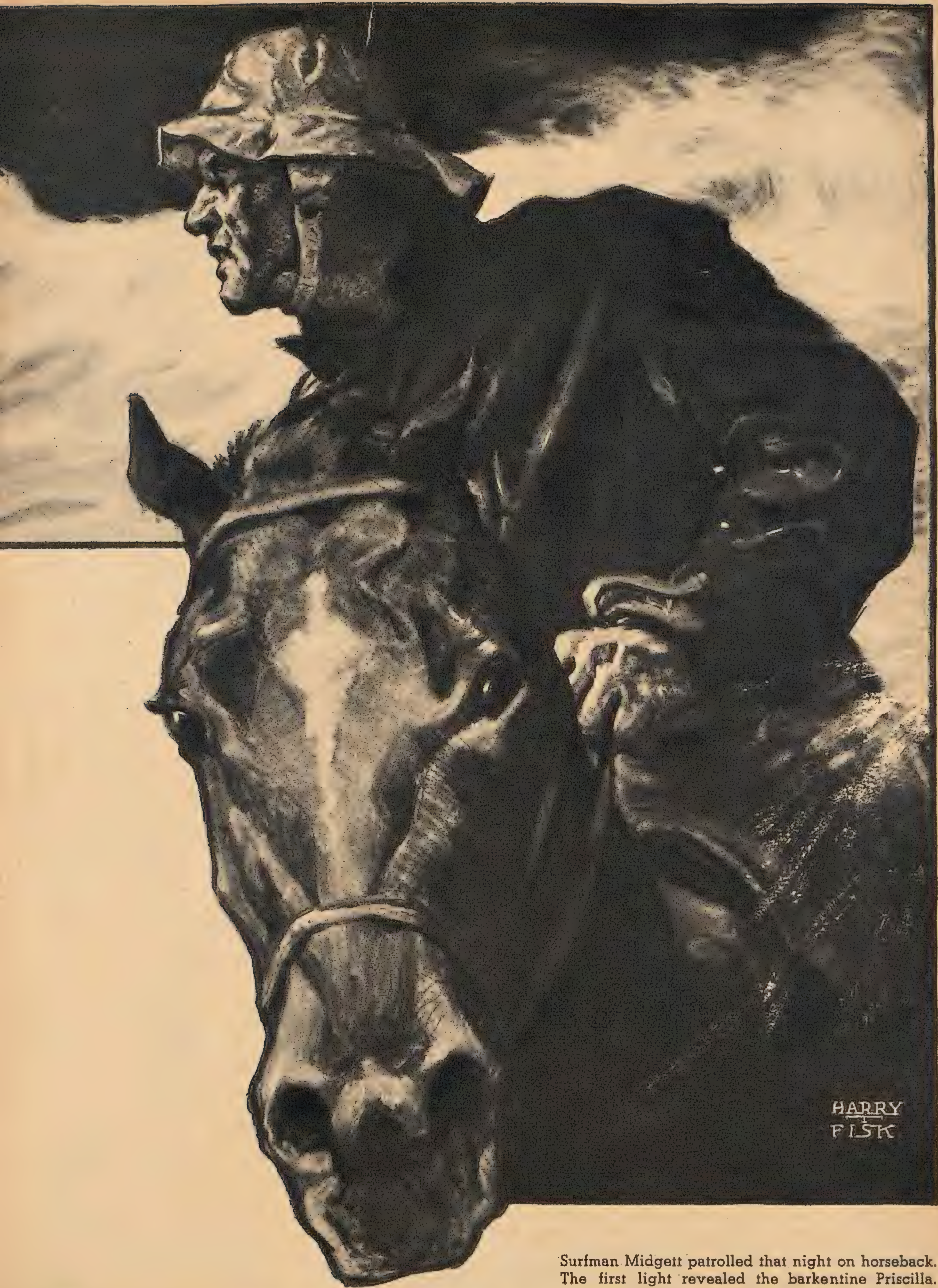
PART THREE—WHEN IT'S UP TO THE SURFBOAT

THE skipper of a life-saving crew has, when it comes to action, all the responsibilities of an admiral. I call this salty, important gentleman the skipper, as his men do, in order to dodge a delicate problem in marine etiquette. By custom of the seas, the man who owns or steers anything afloat rates the title of captain. But since the Life Saving Service entered the Coast Guard, the boss of a life-saving crew is only a boatswain in rank; while a captain is an exalted being—graduated from the Coast Guard Academy, commanding a crack revenue cutter or directing a department ashore, and in line of promotion to the supreme rank of admiral. So, if you ever meet the Number One man of a life-saving crew, it is best to compromise, as I have. "Skipper" implies high supreme authority and hurts no one's feelings.

I would not disparage the boatswains in our navy or our revenue service. They make or break the efficiency of the force. But they work, generally, under the eyes of their superiors. The skipper of a life-saving crew, on the other hand, renders his best service when he is alone with his God, his oarsmen, and his own stout heart. He

Behind the Scenes with the Coast Guard—A Thrilling Chronicle of Courage Against the Perils of the Sea

by WILL IRWIN



Surfman Midgett patrolled that night on horseback.
The first light revealed the barkentine Priscilla.

practices a strange trade. He has at hand some of the most advanced devices of modern science; yet he must possess supreme skill in one of the most primitive tools known to man—the old steering oar.

Three types of boats are used. First in order and importance comes the power lifeboat. This is a thirty-six-foot craft, uncollapsible and unsinkable by any agency less potent than a naval shell. It will not capsize or turn turtle. It bails itself. Of course, gasoline drives it. The power surfboat is lighter and a shade frailer. But these two craft cannot be launched directly from a beach. For the noncollapsible and self-righting properties depend upon a keel which would sink into sand until not even a tractor could budge it. The power lifeboat is kept—usually riding the water—in some convenient estuary. The power surfboat is launched from a permanent runway.

Another flaw—this a minor one: Neither of these craft can be maneuvered quite so delicately as a little oared boat. Further, a rope or a rag of torn canvas may foul the propeller and leave the power boat helpless. Besides, not every station boasts a power boat. They are "spaced" along our string of Coast Guard stations, to be called by telephone or radio as emergency arises.

For quick work, nothing has ever quite supplanted the good surfboat with six expert watermen rowing the short choppy fisherman stroke, with the bowman poised free-handed to clear away wreckage or cast a line, and with the skipper in the stern manning the steering oar. Modern ingenuity has improved it in spots; but it is essentially the same old surfboat in which, before the gasoline engine arrived, Joshua James and Pat Etheridge performed their miracles of watermanship and valor. Inspect it carefully, and you find the compact equipment of both a workshop and a hospital. And in its human equipment it carries about as much special artistic technique as this modern world knows.

The personnel of the Coast Guard, and especially that of the Life Saving Service, has never come under Civil Service rules. No one could set down on paper what these men usually know about small boats before ever they put on a uniform. Every man who applies must prove by test that he is a reasonably fast, enduring swimmer, and that he can dive straight to an underwater target. For the rest, he is usually a native of the region whose shipping he enlists to protect. As soon as he could walk straight he was going out in boats. By the time his hands would fit round the handle of an oar he was rowing a dory. Before he could do long division he could sail a catboat. In his school vacations he has usually lent a hand in fishing voyages. He knows in his bones what formal education would never teach him—the ways of sea and surf with a small boat.

IN old days along Cape Cod sons of the great Yankee skippers filled the bill. Now, Portuguese Americans have taken over. North of Boston the Yankee or the Irish American still prevails. Along the sand spits which fringe dangerous Cape Hatteras the boatmen are mainly of old American stock and most expert sailors. If we were able to make the comparison we might find that for sixty years the crews operating in this region have shown smarter seamanship than any other in our service.

When in the 1870s the government first established life-saving stations along these remote sand bars, it had to send down a schoolmaster to teach some of the surfmen reading and writing. But no one had to teach them how to handle a boat. In this region surfmanship seems to run in families. For example, in the heroic stories of old wrecks the name Midgett glances constantly into the record.

Conditions of the prohibition spasm broke for a time into these traditions. A good many of the hardy young boatmen who had formerly gravitated to the Coast Guard took frankly to rumrunning—a crime regarded indulgently on our coasts. So now and then the Life Saving Service had to fill in with athletic but unskilled young men from inland points. "Brockton High School graduates!" sneered an old Cape Cod surfman as we stood together watching a pair of raw recruits learning to tie knots. A dreadful reproach—for Brockton lies nearly twenty miles from the sea!

But even though the young recruit be already an expert waterman, the skipper or the boatswain's mate and bowman, who stand second in command, must take him in hand and polish him. He must be instructed first in the art and science of resuscitating the apparently drowned. In the course of an average year our life-savers operate on at least a hundred victims of drowning; and about half of those who have been submerged less than ten minutes come to life under their ministrations. Their record is the famous case of Robert Mooney of Wakefield, Rhode Island, who had been under water for nearly half an hour, and came through alive!

Recruits must acquire by constant practice the technique of the complex breeches-buoy apparatus. They must learn how to maintain that spotless cleanliness which makes our white-painted Coast Guard stations seem like operating rooms.

That, of course, rates as the drudgery of the job. Drudgery, too, is the constant patrol. On clear summer nights when a gauze undershirt is too much clothing, as on stormy winter nights when his oilskins freeze solid and the wind carries him off his feet, the surfman must trudge his two or four or five miles until he reaches the frontier of the next patrol—a chain of watchful eyes, running unbroken on our east coast from near the Canadian border to Cape Fear. And, since they are federal sea policemen, they must learn to shoot with rifle and pistol.

ALL this, however, is simple compared with the art of launching a frail boat through surf and bringing it ashore through it. A Coast Guard crew learns that art through monotonous practice. To the landlubber watching from shore, launching into surf appeals as one of those things so expertly done as to look easy. There is a pause until the wash of a high breaker rolls high up on the beach, then a run with all hands on the gunwales. Now the boat is afloat, the men running in water almost up to the tops of their rubber boots. Suddenly, magically, they are all aboard and the oars are out—with the boat still running forward.

A series of quick powerful strokes, and they are shooting straight into the next roller. They reach it before it breaks and becomes a comber. The boat disappears from sight in the trough of the sea, reappears shooting straight at the next roller. It is all a matter of teamwork and timing, as complex as that of a double reverse play in football.

The skipper and steersman is the pivot man. He is guided by one leading principle—head her straight into the wind. If a roller strikes the boat broadside on, over it goes, and the crew has to wallow ashore as best it may. And for a tool he has only a very archaic device. If you have ever seen a picture of an ancient Egyptian state barge or a Roman galley, you may remember that the steersman used an oar. Shortly after that, seamen invented the rudder. But a fixed rudder must not run lower than the keel of a surfboat; that would prevent launching from sand. And constantly, as it shoots through a surf, the after part of its keel is bobbing out of water. In those circumstances a rudder would lose all control. So he uses an oar with which he can thrust deep into the boiling surf.

Getting a boat through the breakers and "backing her in" without capsizing are difficult enough. Yet perhaps it is when he nears the wreck that the job of a Coast Guard steersman grows most difficult, complex, and dangerous. Here are a few stories from the long, long annals.

The first involves a situation where the problem was not getting through the surf but keeping afloat outside. It is a temptation to pause here and describe the superperilous shore about Cape Hatteras. Enough to say that Diamond Shoal lies like a harpy in wait for unlucky or ill-navigated vessels, and that all about her, like the harpy's chicks, lurk smaller shoals. And the schooner A. B. Goodman performed the feat of stranding on one of these minor shoals during an offshore gale. Consequently there was little surf. She lay far beyond the range of the Lyle gun and the breeches-buoy apparatus.

Launching was easy; but when the Creed's Hill crew arrived, dragging their surfboat, their experienced eyes took in a sinister situation. Once outside, a sudden gust of gale might sweep them on to a shoal, spite of their best watermanship. That meant instant annihilation. Or the steady gale might drive them into the open sea. That meant slow death by starvation and exposure.

By regulations a life-saving crew, when it launches, leaves one man ashore. To this man the Creed's Hill crew gave messages for their families, instructions concerning their possessions—their simple wills. Just evading death a dozen times, expert Skipper Daily steered them zigzagging through the web of shoals to a point windward of the vessel. But by now the hull had sunk into one of those quicksands which form as though by black magic in a storm off this shore. The Goodman's crew were high in the rigging—all but one, who had perished when first she struck. Every roller broke over the hull. No small boat could live beside her, either to windward or leeward. But the tide was rising. In a few hours the seas would come more cleanly over the deck, giving calmer water.

Daily so managed as to shoot past the vessel and shout a message to the stranded sailors. Then he let his boat drift astern, dropped an anchor, and waited. When the tide had risen, his oarsmen worked to windward—in this case the less dangerous side—anchored, and let the boat drift toward the wreck. At the proper instant the bowman hove aboard a boat hook attached to a line, skillfully clinched it. Held before and behind, as a landsman would put it, the boat rode the combers. But between them and the vessel ran a current as broad, for all practical purposes, as the Atlantic.

Only one thing could be done—get the stranded sailors to jump into the sea on the end of a line, and so haul them aboard. The first sailor who tried it lost his nerve as he stood poised to jump, untied the line from his waist and scrambled back up the mast. When pleading and cajolery from the surfboat persuaded another to try it, the skipper took a tip from old Joshua James's notebook. He gave the sailor no time to meditate but jerked him into the water. His rescue imparted confidence to the rest. One by one, they were all packed into the surfboat.

This had proved an all-day job. It was growing dark when the boat began its return trip. And now the wind veered; became an onshore gale. The only course by which they could be sure of dodging shoals in the darkness would land them near Hatteras Light, many miles up the coast. The exhausted crew put their second wind into a long pull. With an overloaded boat they made at two o'clock in the morning a smart landing through the surf.

ANOTHER unforeseen situation arose in the Castagnia disaster of 1914, famous in the tradition of Cape Cod. She was sighted at dawn ashore on a sand bar in such weather that the ice gathering on her catheads froze as fast as it could be cut away. And when two life-saving crews shot lines aboard, the ship's crew muffed hauling in the breeches-buoy apparatus—partly ignorance, partly the tragic fact that their hands were frozen.

It all came down at last to a dangerous but successful launching. When the life-savers got alongside, however, the tide had ebbed and the shifting sand had formed a new shoal on the lee side of the vessel. The lifeboat could not attempt to cross it without itself stranding. But between surges the water was shallow enough so that a man, leaping upon this bar, could keep his head out of water. The surfmen ordered the sailors to jump. They were too terrified or too benumbed to obey. So a pair of surfmen plunged overboard, wallowed to the wreck, and climbing hand over hand up a trailing rope, went aboard.

There they lashed a line and forced the survivors to slide down it between breakers; the other surfmen, standing in the water, caught them and heaved them aboard. The cook and the cabin boy were frozen to death against a mast and shrouded with ice. Skipper Tobin, taking information from the crew, called a melancholy roll. The captain and one seaman washed overboard when the ship struck, the two corpses on the shrouds, eight survivors in the lifeboat—every one accounted for!

When they had made a neat expert landing, the life-savers went back to bring in the dead. Launching was a little easier this time, for the wind was going down; but Tobin walked into a new quicksand and was rescued only by inches. And while his men were struggling to release the corpses from the ice, Tobin found on the after deck a sailor just faintly breathing whom the others had completely forgotten. Abandoning the dead, they hurried this living man ashore. Too late; he died on the way to the hospital. All the parties to this adventure, rescued and rescuers, had to be treated for frostbite, and one sailor lost a frozen arm.

ANOTHER display of ingenuity. In November, 1919, and in the conventional winter gale, the little steamer H. C. Runnels missed the narrow entrance to Grand Marais Harbor on Lake Superior and went aground most awkwardly parallel to a pier. The preliminaries were long and exciting—a dash by sea and shore to reach her, a vain struggle to put power boats alongside, an equally vain effort with the breeches buoy. For when the surfmen of the local crew shot a line across her bowsprit—the only possible point of contact—and when with infinite toil and peril the shipwrecked hauled the breeches-buoy apparatus aboard and lashed it, the whip line, unavoidably soaked with flying fresh-water spume, froze to the consistency of a steel rod. No hope now but the surfboat.

Bowman Kristofferson was in local command at the moment. But Skipper Anderson of the Chicago station, a most expert waterman, happened to be in the region; he had volunteered and, by virtue of his rank, had taken charge. Between the wreck and the pier ran a current like Niagara rapids. To launch into it meant almost certain death. Then Kristofferson had an idea. They looped the painter of their boat trolley fashion about the frozen whip line. That would hold up the bow. Then they ran a line from the stern and gave its end to volunteers on the pier. That would hold up the other end. So they started rowing in circumstances where a yard of progress took almost as much effort as a mile in ordinary smooth water.

Alongside finally, the crew found that they must use every ounce of strength and watermanship they had to keep their boat from crashing into the hull. They were tossing so violently on the crest of the torrent that the bowman could not get a foothold to cast a line by the heaving stick. The only hope for the shipwrecked was to crawl hand over hand along the frozen whip line. Anderson and Kristofferson persuaded them to try. When four sailors had come aboard in this manner, Anderson saw that his crew was near the end of its forces. "It was like hanging by your hands," said one of the surfmen afterward; "you have to let go sometime."

With good judgment and superb courage Anderson decided to land his passengers and try again. Once ashore, three of the oarsmen collapsed with muscular cramps—cold and strain, the same combination which has drowned so many swimmers. From the lake boatmen who were holding the line attached to his bows, he picked up three volunteers—another piece of desperate courage, since a surf crew succeeds by teamwork. But they made it, and rescued six more before this crew began to flag.

Again Anderson put back to shore, delivered the survivors, rested his oarsmen. Next trip—five more rescues. But now cramps had taken two of the best men; and there were no more volunteers who could be trusted with an oar. So Anderson put back short-handed to get the engineer and the captain. The engineer weighed nearly three hundred pounds. His weight, flopping into the boat at the same instant when a big wave struck, capsized it. John D. Whiting, to whose researches for his book Storm Fighters we owe our best record of this episode, could never get out of any survivor a clear story of what happened next. It was a confused instinctive struggle for life, at the end of which the boat rode the waters again—with the engineer aboard. Another big wave almost repeated the process before they hauled in the captain and made land. Half the men who worked on this job went to the hospital for bruises, frostbite, or general collapse.

The greatest tragedy which the Coast Guard sustained before the World War may illustrate to a landsman the consequences of losing control of a surfboat, even momentarily, in a stormy sea. Two barges were aground on the

Cape Cod shoals. Their owners had left aboard crews to lighter them preparatory to hauling them off by tug. A gale arose. The lookouts at the Monomoy life-saving stations believed the barges would ride it out. Both craft lived through the storm and were finally salvaged.

But suddenly one of them, the Wadeena, unfurled signals of distress. Anything might be happening out there. Really, nothing was happening except a panic among the five "ignorant foreign landsmen" who were doing the lightering. The Monomoy crew made an expert launching through high surf. Once outside, the job looked relatively easy. There was no wreckage and a "good lee." They had only to hover close in that quarter, and each time their boat rose to the crest of a wave, make one of the marooned lightermen slide down a line. They brought this off; although the fifth man lost his hold midway and fell so heavily that he smashed a thwart.

Warning his passengers to sit still, whatever happened, Skipper Eldridge maneuvered into the open sea, then started to bring the surfboat about for a run to shore. In the process he shipped a shower of spume from a high wave—nothing whatever in the life of a surfman. But the lightermen went wild with fear. They stood up in the boat; they threw their arms round the necks of the oarsmen. Worst of all, one of them caught Eldridge, at the steering oar, in a death grip.

Another big wave filled the helpless boat, turned it upside down. The lightermen, who could not swim, were swept away. The surfmen hung to the keel or managed to swim back. Twice they righted her; but each time before they could clamber aboard the waves turned her over again. By now two of the crew were gone; and the rest had no more strength. In freezing water they clung hopelessly to the overturned boat. Two more lost their hold and were drowned. Another big wave swept away Ellis and Eldridge, the commander. Ellis struggled back. Eldridge grasped the mast, which had been washed out of the surfboat, and tried to float ashore. He failed. Rogers lost his grasp and went with the others. Ellis was alone now, and passing out.

Just then the capsized surfboat drifted past the Fitzpatrick, the other stranded barge. Captain Elmer Mayo, in command of lightering operations, had on his deck a crazy little dory. In the face of probable death, he launched it, somehow got Ellis aboard, and made a successful landing through high surf—perhaps the most notable piece of amateur rescue work in the history of the Coast Guard. Let us call the roll of the men who died for duty's sake that day—Eldridge, Chase, Nickerson, Small, Kendrick, Foye, and Rogers.

When the Coast Guard gave gold medals to the surfmen who saved the crew of the tug Margaret, the citation praised the superb surfmanship of the Avalon and Tathams crews. This was a dog fight of an affair. Once the Tathams crew was swamped. It happened near shore, however, and they all came in alive. As they clung to the keel of their capsized boat, Surfman Robbins said to Surfman Mathias, his lifelong friend, "Jack, if one of us has to die, I hope it's me. You have a wife and children." And when the fiscal year was done, the United States Life Saving Service could not forbear from immortalizing this remark in its annual report. A mixed crew from the Avalon and Tathams stations made the actual rescue, with Skipper Nichols giving McGinley a hand at the steering oar. This boat, too, capsized, losing all but three oars—with which Nichols and McGinley brought in the crew of the Margaret. One sad fact mars the happy ending to this story. The exhaustion and injuries of that day partially paralyzed McGinley.

ROWING is one thing, watermanship another. But beyond watermanship lies surfmanship, the peculiar indescribable art which our sea police have learned through a century and a half of experience and tradition.

This leads us up to the greatest single-handed feat in the history of the service.

The tail of a tropical hurricane had struck Cape Hatteras. At its extreme, the wind rose to 120 miles an hour. Surfman Rasmus S. Midgett patrolled his beat that night on horseback. Almost always the water rose to his saddle cinch; and sometimes the horse was swimming. As dawn approached, he heard voices down the wind and struggled in their direction. The first light revealed the barkentine Priscilla wallowing on its side in the surf, already broken in two. When she struck, a comber had carried away the captain's wife, his twelve-year-old son, and two sailors. Then the storm had cast the boy's dead body back aboard. The fragment to which ten survivors clung was drifting, pounding, breaking up. Getting beach apparatus to the spot would take too long. Midgett saw that the broken barkentine lay on a gradually shelving bottom. The flood of each big comber poured a cataract 200 yards beyond her; at the ebb, the water on her lee rose only to a man's waist. An inexperienced person leaping into the sea at the ebb would be drowned by the next wave. But one who knew the rhythms of surf might come through alive.

Half wading, half swimming, Midgett followed the ebb to the wreck. "Jump!" he commanded the nearest sailor. "And the rest of you stay there until I come back!" The sailor jumped. Supporting him under the arm, Midgett raced him landward. When the next surge reached them it had spent most of its force and they could struggle ashore. Six times he repeated this feat. Then the last three. They were almost gone—incapable of running. Midgett rescued them by slinging them across his shoulders after the fashion of an army stretcher bearer. This was slow work. Always the power of the comber caught and tumbled them, so that Midgett had to swim with one hand while supporting a drowning man with the other. But he brought them all in alive.

He, like the heroes of most of the episodes I have cited above, received the gold medal of the United States Life Saving Service. In this case, the citation—and rightly—praised not only his bravery, his initiative, and his surfmanship, but his perfect judgment.

With the Coast Guard's doubly perilous and glorious deeds in the modern age of gasoline and radio—and, above all, during the World War—Mr. Irwin's thrilling series will reach a skyrocket climax in its concluding article in Liberty next week.

"Please give me a name"

TO THE LADIES

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HENRI LAUVE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

● TRY *managing* a temperamental lady."

Charles B. Dillingham gives this advice to overplump gentlemen. He says it will keep any man's weight down.

Veteran of the American theater, Mr. Dillingham has produced more than three hundred shows during the last thirty years, and has managed most of the historic stars who twinkled for our grown-up generation.

"Leslie Carter," he told me, "had more temperament than any other star I remember. Maxine Elliott was—and is—the smartest. She has the brain of an international banker. Julia Marlowe had the loveliest voice and was the hardest worker. Throughout her entire career she took a daily lesson in voice culture and another in elocution—she took them up to the very day she retired."

Mr. Dillingham entered *theater business* by the door of newspapering. He is one of four celebrated men who started together as hotel news reporters in Chicago. The other three are Frank A. Vanderlip, George Ade, and Finley Peter Dunne. Early in his impresario days Charles B. Dillingham managed the Sarah Bernhardt Theater in Paris. It was there that he picked up another novel tip on the art of reducing. This one is easier than managing temperamental ladies, he says. He told me about it:

"When he found himself getting too stout," Mr. Dillingham declares, "the famous French actor Lucien Guitry used to move into a sixth-floor apartment in a building without an elevator. Three months of climbing would reduce him. Then he'd move away to a more convenient dwelling, and stay there until he grew too fat again."

Mr. Dillingham is still producing. With Elsie Janis and Leonard Sillman, he has this year brought forth Broadway's most youthful revue success—New Faces.

● A textile specialist has been telling me strange facts about wool. There are twelve grades of wool on every sheep. The best wool grows on those parts of the animal that become the cheaper cuts of meat when the butcher slices them off. For example, wool from the neck sells at a dollar fifty a pound, while meat from the neck brings about ten cents a pound. Saddle of mutton—England's choice portion for table use—is correspondingly expensive, yet wool from that part of the critter's anatomy goes for only a dime a pound. The very finest wool comes from merino sheep, which you can't eat at all. They're too skinny.

● Few surprises are more warming to the heart than an unexpected letter from an old friend. I know this subject has been much written about, yet I believe it cannot be recalled too often. I am enthusiastically subscribed to the movement for reviving the art of letter writing. Our easy means of communication—telephone, telegraph, wireless—have made us indolent, I think, in our habits of correspondence. We have become addicted to the abrupt, staccato form of greetings and messages.

Never, I think, have we more needed the practice of letter writing than we do now since rapid transit has made modern nomads of us, with friends and families pursuing their separate affairs in all directions. Wouldn't friendships be more enduring, families more fond, if we brought back the custom of the long, intimate letter?

CHARLES B. DILLINGHAM

● Though blood be thicker than the fluid we use under bridges, there are certain phenomena of English life that we Americans never will understand. For one thing, we never will understand why the Prince of Wales permits his needlework to be exhibited in public. Recently his mother put on show a monogrammed doodad embroidered by him. No doubt she is maternally proud—and has a perfect right to be proud—of his handiwork. The point is, we Americans simply cannot understand it. I asked an elderly American lady what she thought about the Prince's sewing.

"Well," she said, "if he *must* do it—he ought to get married."

● Best new novel I've read recently is Five Silver Daughters, by Louis Golding. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

● Have you ever heard of *strawberry pancakes?* They are the Russian version of your famous strawberry shortcake, and are extremely delicious in their own way. Try them, now that the berry season is at hand.

Make your pancake batter very light, using 3 eggs to every cup of flour. Stir in the beaten yolks first, then the well beaten whites. Have ready a bowl of crushed berries, sweetened with white sugar. When the pancakes are done, spread berries over each cake and place a second cake on top. Serve with a pitcher of sweetened berry juice. A little kirsch or maraschino added to the juice will give your strawberry pancakes an added zest.

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

An Absorbing Drama of Murder and Mystery Unfolds Against the Background of a Strangely Perilous Devotion — Don't Miss an Installment of This Remarkable Novel

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

CROSS-EXAMINING Linda Stuart and putting his own damaging constructions upon her answers, Wilmott has now made it appear that she never loved Clay Carroll; that she strung out their engagement ten years because of his generosity to her and her family; that while he was away on a business trip, two months before he was murdered, she "picked up" Scott Barclay and had a "clandestine flirtation" with him; that three weeks before the murder she received from Scott an impassioned love letter urging her to reconsider some ill-omened decision; and that Barclay was too poor to marry—and Linda knew Clay had made a will leaving everything to her. The implication is, of course, that she killed him.

The truth about the long engagement is that Clay, morbidly jealous and possessive, held his sweetheart in a cruel thrall as he had held his mother. He would neither marry Linda nor release her nor suffer her to escape from him.

As for Scott Barclay, he is the nephew of Linda's old friend Mrs. Warren, whose cottage he inherited. He spent the summer there in seclusion before going abroad to study and write. He and Linda met by chance, each knowing who the other was. He proved to be everything prepossessing and chivalrous that the despotic Clay was not; so, though Linda said no to his proposal of marriage, she could not bear to stop seeing him daily or to tell him the strange facts about Clay and herself.

Clay returned unexpectedly from his trip, found them conversing, grew insolent and nasty. That evening, alone with Linda, he alleged he had made Scott own up to "everything," and accused her of an affair. "You women," he said, "are all alike—there isn't one of you that can be trusted!"

PART FIVE—MAN PROPOSES

A PROFOUND silence followed. Linda's eyelids seemed unbearably heavy, and she thought how sweet, how sickeningly sweet, the honeysuckle was this year, saturating the air with its swooning odor. She felt a lassitude engulfing her. Was she going to faint?

No. There was something she had to say first.

"You're lying, Clay, and you know it."

There—she had said what she meant to say. She no longer felt any fear of this man. Whatever he did, he couldn't hurt her now. He was a stranger to her—a powerless, unimportant stranger.

After a long moment Clay spoke again, and she knew from the timbre of his voice that his anger was over. His lips were curved in a gratified smile.

"All right, I'm lying. Good! That's what I wanted to know. But I had to find out, didn't I?"

Linda drew her breath in sharply, with an involuntary movement of disgust.

"Yes, I was lying. I can't trust any woman, Linda! To me they're all weak. I can't help it. I can't believe there's a good woman in the world."

He kissed her lingeringly, as if in apology; but she could see the enjoying sparkle in his eyes.

"But I'm beginning to think you are one, my Linda. I'll believe in you soon!" But at once his eyes narrowed. "Barclay fell in love with you, though, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Does he want to marry you? Did he propose to you?"

"Yes."

"But you're not going to marry him?"

As she did not answer, he bent lower and laid his cheek against hers, his voice a deep caress.

"You know you belong to me! We'll get married, shall we, Linda?—and I'll make you forget about every other man on earth. Shall we? I'll marry you next week if you like."

She found herself saying wearily, "No, I don't think I want to get married—now." She turned her head away. "I'm not going to marry him, either. . . . No, we'll just go along as we've always done, Clay."

He still watched her, not fully satisfied. Suddenly she cried, "Oh, Clay, Clay! How could you resort to a cheap trick like that?"

He picked up his cigar, stood looking at it with that smiling, half-proud sheepishness of the bad boy.

"'All's fair in love and war'—isn't it?"

Her lips curled with bitterness. She turned abruptly away from him. "No—oh, no!"

. . . .

"After Clay's return he presented you with a very handsome piano for your home?"

"Yes."

"And you accepted it?"

"Yes, certainly."

"You also accepted the music lessons which Carroll paid Miss Blakeslee to give you?"

"Yes." How much longer was this to go on?

"Did you continue to see Scott Barclay?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because Clay did not wish me to."

Brassbound*

by MARY BICKEL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR McGRAW

"Did Clay ask you not to see him again?"

"Yes."

"And if he had not asked you, you would have done so?"

"I suppose so."

"In fact, if Clay had been out of the picture you would have married Scott, would you not?"

"No."

"No? Why not?"

"Because Scott could not afford to marry—it would have ruined him. I've explained that."

"Oh, yes! Scott did not have any money. But if *you* had money you and Scott would not be too poor to marry, would you?"

"No, I suppose not. But I didn't have any money."

"No, not then, but you were to inherit Clay's fortune at his death; and still, he was not very likely to die of natural causes, as far as you knew, for a great many years, was he?"

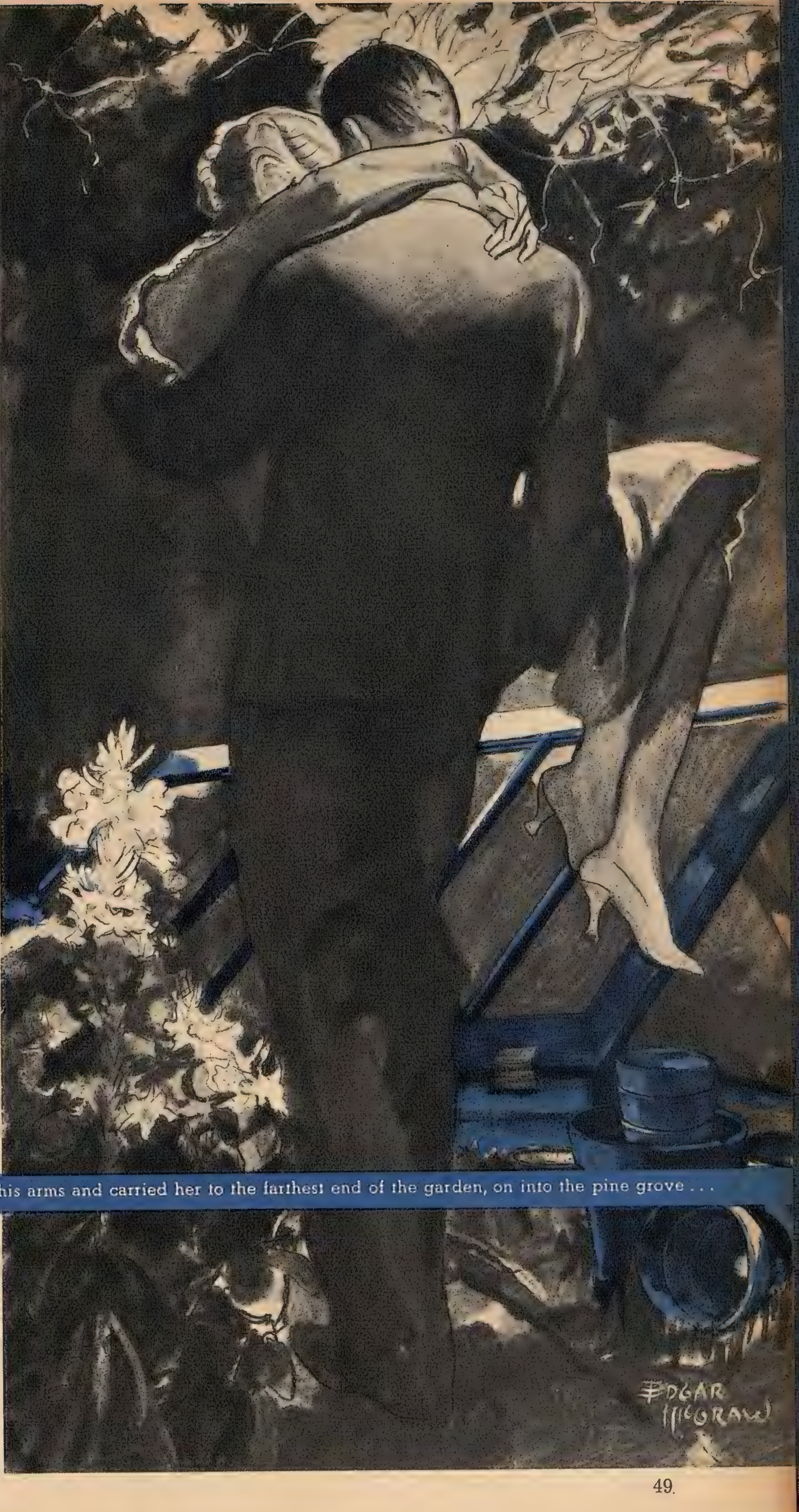
As she did not answer, he repeated insistently:

"Was he?"

. . . . .

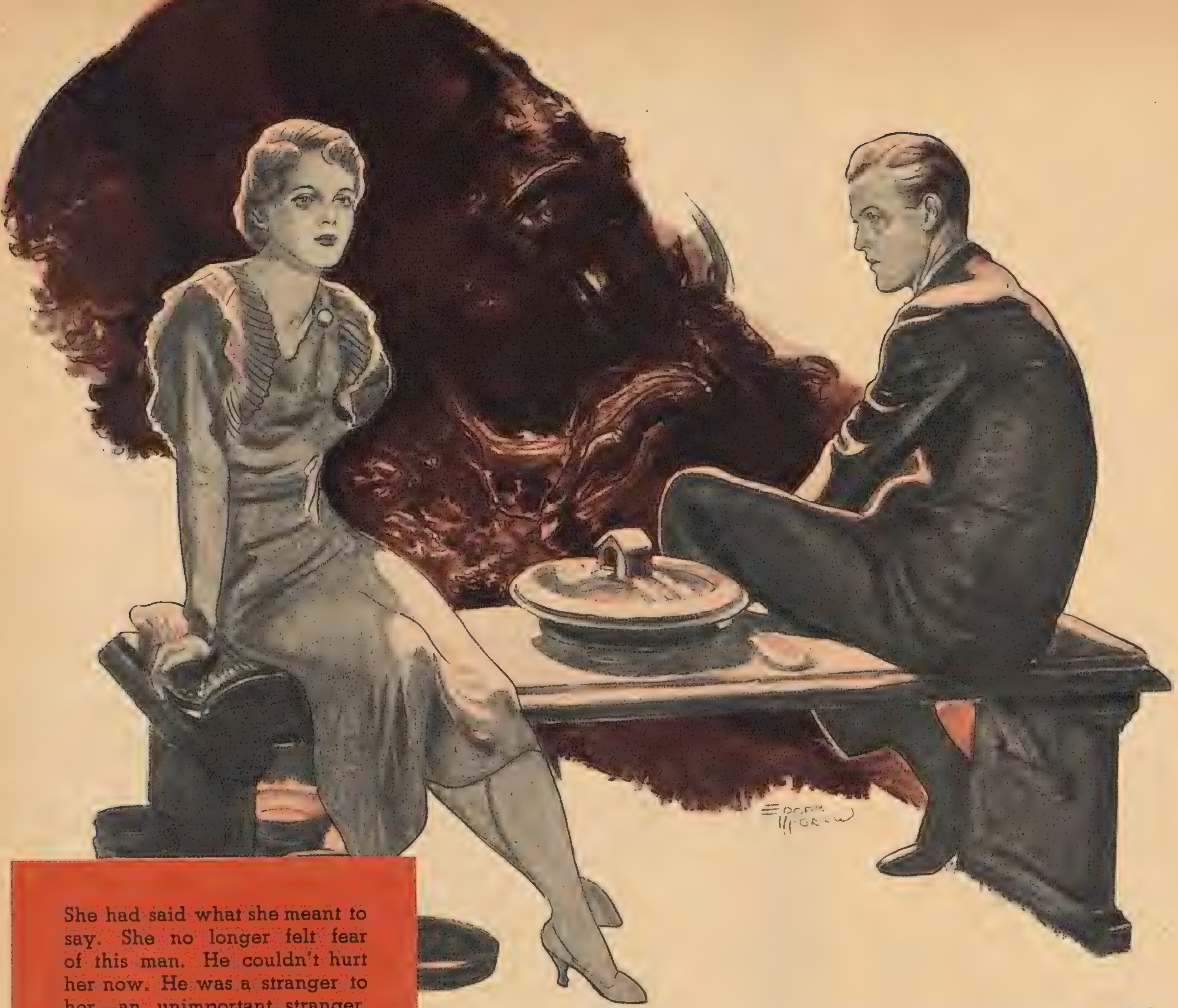
THE next few weeks passed in a kind of daze. Linda did not go to see Scott. A feeling that disaster would inevitably follow, for all of them, prevented her.

This time the gift Clay had brought was a beautiful amethyst bracelet. The following week he had still another surprise for her. She came home from the dentist's one afternoon to find an expensive grand piano installed in the parlor, and Aunt Rilla ex-



With a sigh, he gathered her into his arms and carried her to the farthest end of the garden, on into the pine grove . . .

***First choice out of 7,000 first novels submitted in response to Liberty's recent offer to unknown writers**



She had said what she meant to say. She no longer felt fear of this man. He couldn't hurt her now. He was a stranger to her—an unimportant stranger.

citedly sweeping up the dirt that the moving men had made.

Why was it that, for her, everything came too late? Years ago she had longed to play and to develop the small but pleasant singing voice that she possessed. But now? How could she begin? Her fingers would be stiff. And surely her voice would fairly creak with age.

Nevertheless, that night she managed to satisfy Clay with her thanks, which he received smilingly.

And yet she felt as if he were watching her, too.

The piano made the little parlor look shabby and threadbare. The patch on the sofa had never been so noticeable, the carpet had never looked so old and dingy.

Linda, playing duets with Miss Blakeslee, who had given piano lessons for thirty years, watched the old veined hands move over the keys. "That's how my hands will look in a few years," she thought. "Just another old maid. Next fall I'll be thirty."

Then, in a rush of anger and revolt, her thoughts flew to Scott. "Oh, if he'd only *go away!*" she told herself, trembling. "I could bear it more easily then!"

And yet she never heard a footstep approach, a twig snap or a door open, that she did not stop to listen.

Scott had said he would be in Maplewood until the 2d of September. For two weeks more she must guard herself every moment to see that they did not meet.

Night after night she and Aunt Rilla and Clay sat together on the front porch or in the garden. Once Judge Townsend called, and Linda had to endure hearing him describe what a fine, intelligent young man Mrs. Warren's nephew was.

Another night, when she and Clay were driving home from the movies, he said with careful casualness: "Your friend Barclay was in the bank today. It seems that he prefers to transfer his banking interests to New York. Quite right, of course, as long as he's going abroad and won't be back." Linda's controlled face betrayed nothing. "I suppose you knew he was going?"

"Yes, I knew it."

"Did you know that all he has in the world is the pittance Mrs. Warren left him? He's not earning a cent. I asked him how he expected to travel in any comfort on an amount like that."

"What did he say?"

CLAY'S laugh was unpleasant. "Looked me over as if I were a worm and said he guessed he'd manage."

Linda explained, with a soft pride she could not conceal, "He'll soon be earning money, you see. He's going to be a writer."

Clay looked at her scornfully. "A writer! Oh, yes! They always make big money! Why, Linda"—his tone changed to contempt—"that sort never get ahead. They're just loafers and dreamers."

But Linda was not listening.

"Clay," she said suddenly, "I may as well tell you. I intend to see Scott again before he goes. You see, I must tell him. I've never explained anything. It's not fair that I shouldn't be allowed to explain—"

He caught her up sharply. "'Allowed'! What strange words you use, Linda!" After a moment he added coolly, "But it's not really necessary, because I did the explaining myself. Naturally. The fellow had to be told that there's no hope for him."

In complete silence they drove home and entered the house. Linda sank laxly into a chair. Clay murmured over her head, his hand on her shoulder:

"Don't be angry, darling. Clay is so mad about you that he's jealous of every one you meet. He knows every man who looks at you must want you as he does."

Acting! Melodrama! And yet, what could she do? His face was closer now, full of coaxing eagerness.

"Dear, if you could just write him a note instead of seeing him. That would do just as well. Just to please me. Just to please your old Clay, who loves you so and would willingly die for you."

Linda put her weary hand to a head which ached with a dull pain. After all, why should she torture herself, and Scott, with one last interview?

She rose abruptly. "Very well, Clay. I'll write him if you like."

AT once his hand relaxed. The compelling glow on his face was replaced by the satisfaction of a baby who has just received his toy.

"You could write him," he said in a brisk businesslike voice, straddling a chair: "'My dear Mr. Barclay: You will readily understand that, in view of my engagement to Mr. Carroll, I must request that our friendship, innocent as it was, be terminated; and I must ask, further, that you make no attempt to see me again. Wishing you every literary success, and so on, yours very truly—' How's that?"

Linda, who had been watching him wonderingly, controlled a foolish desire to laugh.

"I suppose so. Something like that."

Clay looked her in the eye. "I shall expect you to show me the letter and his reply," he said evenly.

He kissed her good-by, and her somber eyes followed him along the path which led through the pine grove into the grounds of his own home.

. . . . .

"Now, Miss Stuart, it's true, is it not, that, as far as you knew, Clay's fortune would come to you in case of his death?"

"I—suppose so. I never thought about it."

"No, of course not. Still, it was a fact, wasn't it? And of course you knew that his fortune would be a considerable amount of money, didn't you?"

"I only knew he was supposed to be wealthy."

"The chances were that his wealth would be quite sufficient to pay the expenses of a couple who desired to travel abroad, for instance? That there would even be plenty left over for the luxuries of life, wouldn't you think?"

"I object! The counsel has no right—"

"Objection sustained. Confine yourself to a proper cross-examination, Mr. Wilmott."

"Did you ever discuss this matter with Scott Barclay?"

Her wandering eyes came back and rested on him vaguely. "What matter?"

"The fact of Clay's wealth and the prospect of your inheriting under his will."

"Discuss them with Scott Barclay? Never. Why should I do that?"

"And it never occurred to you that Clay's death would be a very neat way out of your difficulties—by overcoming the main obstacle to your marrying Scott—namely, lack of money?"

"I—of course not!"

"You never talked over such a possibility with Scott?"

"Certainly not! How can you—"

"'No' is an answer, Miss Stuart."

. . . . .

INCREDIBLE as the letter sketched by Clay had seemed at the time, when it came to writing what she wanted to say, Linda found that she could scarcely do any better. The intimate consoling things she dared not put on paper surged through her mind and lay, stillborn, at the tip of her pen.

At last, painstakingly, she managed a stiff little note which she knew would have Clay's approval, though she could not bear to picture Scott receiving such a communication.

She half dreaded a possible reply. Yet in spite of herself she waited, hoping—and when it came recognized immediately the square black characters on the envelope, and her heart beat painfully as her fingers touched it.

She took it up to her room to read, totally unprepared for its reckless ardor.

> My darling: Perhaps you know best, my sweet. Perhaps the course you have chosen is the only one to follow. But would you ever have any peace again? Remember, money isn't everything. Do you really want to go through with it? You could still change your mind. We'd be poor perhaps, but oh, so happy! Always, always we belong to each other.
>
> Whatever you decide to do, you know that I'm on your side. My Linda, right or wrong.
>
> You have all my love. SCOTT.
>
> PS. My boat sails September 3. I will leave here on the sleeper at one forty-five the night before. I am not going to lose hope that you will give it all up, that you will come with me before it's too late to change your decision—a decision which could only bring you grief. My dearest, I love you.

Linda read and reread the letter, distracted, almost beside herself. The temptation to turn her back on her problems and go with the one person

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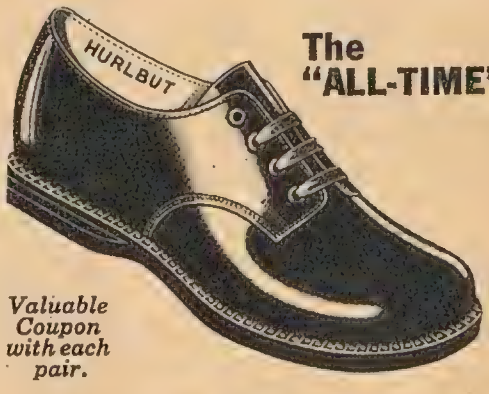

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whom she now loved and trusted was very nearly irresistible.

But hemming her in every minute of every day were the reasons why she must find the strength to resist. On all sides were the evidences of her obligation to Clay. Less tangible but even more binding was the consideration of Aunt Rilla. How could she leave her in the hands of strangers?

What would become of her if Clay should withdraw his bounty?

Then, there was Clay himself. Back of all the hurt and humiliation that he had caused her lay the dull conviction that he needed her. Somehow he fulfilled himself in her love. After his fashion he belonged to her, and without her would be lost—only half a person. Her leaving him would be such a blow to his pride that she could imagine its touching his reason.

No, she must stay in Maplewood. Stay and take care of little Aunt Rilla; stay and welcome Clay in the evenings; accept his gifts gracefully.

It was her destiny. It was fate.

She laid Scott's letter away beneath the lining of her handkerchief box and let it rest there, to lose its reality little by little, until it should live only in her mind, a dull throbbing hurt that would some day be better.

And the days slipped by, one by one, like the petals slowly drifting from the blown roses in the garden.

LINDA went about her household tasks apathetically. At night she roused herself, because she dreaded the searching in Clay's eyes. It seemed to her he was always watching her—that they were all watching her—waiting, with her, for the night of September 2 to come and go.

She showed Clay the note she had written to Scott, but when Clay asked her about a reply, denied having received any. And as each day went by and there was still apparently no answer Clay's manner gradually resumed its complacence.

Nevertheless he allowed her no evenings to herself, and every day telephoned her under various pretexts, obviously to make sure that she was at home.

And the end of August came and merged into September. It was the first day of September, and then the second.

On the second of September Clay telephoned at three o'clock that he would like to have dinner with them if it was convenient. He came directly from the bank, and sat chatting with Aunt Rilla while Linda and the girl Minnie prepared the food that Clay would like.

He was gay and full of jokes that night. Aunt Rilla had to wipe tears of laughter from her eyes. His own eyes followed Linda laughingly as she passed in and out of the dining room. It seemed he could not let her out of his sight, and when she disappeared he would call after her, "Linda, listen to this one!"

Gallantly he helped the two women into their places, with a kiss for each as he seated her. He was very jovial over carving the chicken, very insistent that each should have the part she liked best.

After dinner old Mrs. Summerwell came to sit with Aunt Rilla; and Clay and Linda drifted, as usual, into the garden. As they went out Linda noticed the clock. Quarter to eight. The sleeper went through at one forty-five. In six hours he would be gone.

She had received two letters that day, one from Amy, the other from Clay's mother, postmarked Bombay. "Oh, Linda, we are so happy," Mrs. Conlon had written. "I didn't know such joy was possible on this earth." And then at the end, touchingly: "Linda, how is my boy? Has he forgiven me? Will he ever forgive me? I cannot understand why you two have never married. I had thought my going away would make that come. Why hasn't it, Linda? Do you know, or is it all a dark mist of pain to you, as it is to me?"

She dared not speak of this letter to Clay. He had forbidden that his mother's name be mentioned.

They strolled down the path and Clay lit the inevitable cigar. Linda was silent, scarcely breathing, willing herself to think of nothing, to feel nothing. That was best. She forced herself into small talk: "How is Susie feeling?" Susie was Leon Griggs's young wife, whom he

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had married a year ago after Lena's death. Now Susie was expecting a baby in another month.

"Oh, all right, I guess," Clay replied indifferently. "Of course she looks terrible. She gets on my nerves. I told Griggs last night to keep her out of my sight till the thing's over."

"Poor little Susie," Linda said softly. In her heart she was thinking, "Lucky little Susie." That reminded her. She handed Amy's letter to him.

He glanced over it casually. Suddenly he laughed. "Oh, Lord, Amy too!" He read aloud in a mincing voice: "'Darling, I'm so happy about it. We're going to have another baby in January. Of course it's not going to be easy, but we think that if we wait until we can afford to have a family—' Linda, Amy's a very dull girl. Really!"

Linda said calmly, "I don't think so. I like her."

"That's because you like everybody, then," he retorted. "Perhaps she wasn't stupid in the beginning. I'll concede she had a mind. Then she marries this impecunious professor, and what does she do? Settles down to a dull domestic child-raising existence. She's lost her mind, she's lost her figure. Now, with you it's different. For you to marry a poor man, with your beauty, my dear, would be sheer suicide."

Linda hardly heard him. In her mind was the rumble of an express train thundering through the night and out of her world forever. In her ears were the shrill blasts of a boat going down the harbor—on and on to lands unknown and hardly dreamed of.

What was he doing now? Did he still hope he might hear from her? She was on the station platform—she saw him swing on to the train, which was already moving—saw herself desperately running after it, calling, calling—but her voice was drowned out by the roar of the engine and she had to drop back at last, exhausted.

Linda thrust the vision from her. It seemed as if everything about Scott had happened a long time ago. She had loved some one and he had gone away. Long ago.

SHE looked about the garden curiously, almost as if she had never seen it before. It was a pleasant place. A good place in which to grow old. She looked at the man sitting there near her. If he would only let her rest! Everything was over now. Scott was gone, and she wanted to rest.

She thought, "How easy it would be, now, to say, 'Clay, I want to get married.'" Why had she ever feared this man? Why had she been so ruled by old-fashioned ideas of what is "proper" for a "lady" to say? Why had she not faced, and forced, the issue long ago?

Only, now she did not want to get married. Not to Clay, anyway.

She stirred wearily in her chair.

Roused from some strange reverie of his own, Clay struck a match and looked at his watch. "By George, it's after eleven! Time for little girls to be in bed. Will you walk to the end of the garden with me?"

She rose, silent as a ghost, and together they walked down the path until they stood at the edge of the pine grove. There, as on a thousand other nights, he took her in his arms. With his cheek against her hair he murmured, "Go right to bed, won't you?"

"Yes." She smiled faintly.

"Kiss me." He pressed her lips with sudden fervor. To keep from shrinking she tried to imagine it was Scott kissing her, Scott whose hard tender arms were around her, holding her close.

Back of her closed lids she experienced again her first glimpse of him, standing in the doorway of the little farmhouse.

The impression became so vivid that, with sudden passion, she yielded her body against Clay, her arms tightened around his neck, her mouth pressed against his convulsively. Then the vision passed. She wrenched her lips away and lay, panting and exhausted, on his breast.

"Well!" he exclaimed, his teeth gleaming as he watched her, his eyes bright and curious, like those of some small animal bent on investigation.

"Why, Linda," he murmured. "I never saw you like this! Then you do love Clay a little bit after all?"

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His eyes burned down on hers as if he had scored some cruel triumph.

"Go to bed now and dream about me, my pet." He took her arms from around his neck and stepped back abruptly. As the emotion ebbed out of her she swayed, and suddenly he laughed.

"Good night!" he whispered mockingly, and was gone.

She turned and moved slowly up the path, but when she reached the stone bench she sank weakly on it. Before her the house lay still and ghostly in the moonlight. Aunt Rilla would have long since played her last game of checkers with Mrs. Summerwell and gone to bed.

Somewhere a church clock tolled eleven. She counted the long musical strokes. Clay's watch must have been fast. Then the sound died away and there was only the oppressive silence hemming her in.

Linda sat motionless. Images succeeded each other in her mind. Her future stretched out and appalled her with its utter futility.

How long she sat there she never knew, nor whether it was hours or minutes before Scott Barclay had found her and was holding her in his arms, his lips on hers.

. . . . .

"DID you write to Barclay again after that?"

"No."

"So that we may assume that you did not change the 'decision' he speaks of your having made and from which he was trying to dissuade you?"

Linda said, "No, I did not change my decision." She was too proud to insist on his explaining his terms.

"Did you see him at all before he went?"

"Yes, once."

"When was that?"

"The night before he left."

"And did he again try to persuade you to give up what you had decided to do?"

"Yes."

"Didn't he want you to go with him then, that night?"

Again she repeated tiredly, "Yes."

"Now, Miss Stuart, we might as well have your explanation, your interpretation, of what that 'decision' was. What do you claim you meant by that term?"

"The decision to stick to Clay, naturally."

"Oh, I see. In other words, you had decided to marry Clay instead of Scott?"

"Yes."

The prosecutor was smiling. "Ah, but, Miss Stuart," he reminded her, "you're contradicting yourself! You said a few minutes ago that you had refused to marry Clay when he repeated his proposal! How do you explain that?"

. . . . .

Linda looked at Scott as if he were a spirit risen from the dead to mock her. She could not believe that he was not already wandering in some far land.

But he was here beside her, warming her hands, murmuring low broken words in her ears.

"Forgive me, my dearest!" he implored. "I couldn't help coming for one last look at your window. I was only going to stand under it a little and send up a prayer that you'd be happy. Oh, my sweet—" He raised her palm and laid his cheek down on it. "I never thought—I never hoped—to find you here! The house was so dark and still. I stood there, wondering if you could be lying awake in it, thinking of me—

"Then I came around the house into the garden, your garden. I was afraid the click of the gate would awaken and frighten you. But I wanted to smell your flowers and sit where you had been.

"And then—oh, Linda! I saw you here, sitting alone and so quietly—"

She looked at him as if still only half believing in his reality. Timidly she laid her hand on his sleeve and was comforted by the rough wool of his coat.

"Are you going tonight?" she breathed.

"Yes. The sleeper leaves in two hours. I have carried my bags to the station."

They looked at each other with infinite sadness. Suddenly he burst out, "Oh, Linda, won't you change your mind and come with me? There's still time!"

His eyes were so filled with hope that she turned away her head. "No," she said with faint finality.

"But you love me, Linda?"

"Yes, I love you, Scott. But oh, I've gone over it so many times!" She took his hand and held it tightly in both of hers. "Don't you understand, dear? I can't leave Aunt Rilla. And I can't take her with me! Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," he said slowly, and then, clutching at straws, "I'll come back if you'll wait for me!"

But Linda shook her head.

"Are you going to marry Carroll, then?"

She answered slowly, "No, I don't think so."

AFTER a silence Scott's quiet voice said: "Linda, I'm going to ask you something very impertinent. Don't answer if you don't want to. Only, you see, I'm so terribly in the dark. Are you Clayton Carroll's mistress?"

Linda's voice held the very dregs of bitterness: "No, Scott, I'm nobody's mistress. Not even my own!"

The silence became intolerable, so that Scott murmured:

"There's so little I know about you! Why you haven't married him, why you are not happy—"

Suddenly it came to Linda that she could tell this man everything. All the restraint of years melted away into the night and she felt free and almost happy.

"Yes," she said quietly. "I want to tell you."

And with a rush it came. There

were no reservations about what she told him. Before his eyes she spread the entire course of her association with Clay from the day of her sixteenth-birthday party until now, when she was nearly thirty-one.

Such a blessed relief, to pour out at last, to some one she loved, the whole dark muddle of heartaches and pain and rebellion, the agonized waiting for Clay to speak, the numbing, crippling necessity for maintaining her pride—that terrible pride which had been all she had to sustain her through those years. She told him of the efforts she had made to build other interests for herself, her passion for children that had led her to start the baby clinic, her attempts to throw off Clay's bondage by going to New York; and how he had always brought her back, blocking up, one by one, with his money, his power, his need, all her avenues of escape.

SHE told him how, to bind her closer and make her helpless, he had arranged that even their home, their income and all their material comforts, should be dependent on him.

"And do you tell me that such a man loves you?" Scott demanded incredulously.

Linda said, trying to be fair: "I believe he does, in a way. At least he *needs* me, terribly. Maybe it's just that. A victim, some one to keep enslaved and dependent. I believe he needs that more than anything on earth." She could see Clay more clearly, now that she loved Scott. "It's a queer thing to say, but I believe," she said slowly, "that without me he would die."

But Scott was in no mood to find excuses for this man. He burst out savagely, "Would you expect that prospect to make me unhappy? The rat—he *should* die! How I'd like to be the one to kill him!"

"Oh, no, Scott! Don't say such things. He's been good to me, in a way. I—I'm sorry for him."

Scott would not listen. "Surely—*surely* you're not going to waste your life on this worm! Surely you'll let me come back for you—"

"Scott, the thing you want to do may take years. What could you do if you had a wife and an old lady to support? Why, it would defeat you before you had begun!"

Then she went on desperately: "Besides, I can't leave Aunt Rilla, and I can't take her with me. She may live years. How can I get around such facts? If I threw Clay over and stayed here waiting for you, Clay would make our lives unbearable. And if you gave up your plans and stayed it would be even worse. Clay would ruin you—would ruin us all. Don't think he wouldn't! He has the money and the power, and he would surely do it. You don't know him."

"No. I've gone over it all until my head feels like bursting. There isn't any way out. You've got to go without me. I've got to give you up."

At last Scott was silent.

Her hands tightened on his and she

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put up her face to kiss him, pleadingly, like a child who needs comfort.

"Scott, let's just be happy now! Our last few minutes together. There's so little time!"

He made a little choking sound and gathered her into his arms. And then she told him, shyly, of how she had imagined she was kissing him good night when Clay had kissed her; it would always be like that, and so in a way she would be true to him though they were oceans apart.

"Will you let me write to you?" he murmured.

"No. Don't, please. Don't even tell me where you're going. I want it to be just as if you were dead—so that I won't be tempted to come to you. Some day I'll read about you in the papers."

He cradled her more tenderly in his arms. Then, with a groan, he tightened them around her in an uncontrollable flood of love and longing. They struggled to their feet to say good-by, but instead of tearing themselves apart they strained arms and lips and bodies together in a very agony of love.

They began to tremble. Linda felt her knees turn to water. She was assailed by a strange sweet weakness; her mind was a disordered confusion. From under heavy lids she read the ardor in her lover's eyes.

Scott buried his face against her hair.

"Oh, Linda!" he groaned. "My dearest dear!"

Gently she took his hand and laid it on her breast.

At that, with a sigh, he gathered her into his arms and lifted her up and carried her to the farthest end of the garden, on into the depths of the pine grove where the shadows were cool in the brooding mist and there was no sound save the occasional creak of branches high overhead, and where the pine needles made a smooth soft carpet underfoot and all shapes and outlines were lost in the dusk.

. . . . . .

"Very well, then. Scott Barclay went away, and of course"—sarcastically—"left no address for you to reach him. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean to say he left no way for you to get into touch with him? Don't you know where he is now?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Do you expect the jurors to believe that?"

"I don't know. It's the truth."

"Well, what happened after that?"

"Nothing. I went on as before—caring for my aunt."

"And how did you feel during that time? According to your story, you were giving up some one you cared for. Were you blue? Depressed?"

"No, I don't think so."

"In fact, you know that quite the contrary was the case, don't you? Your aunt and friends have testified that you were unusually cheerful during this period. How do you explain that peculiar condition?"

"I don't explain it."

"Might it not be because you knew that you were soon to apply a remedy to your difficulties—that by waiting for the most favorable opportunity you could, at one blow, wipe out the obstacles to your desire?"

"Your Honor! Your Honor!" But the judge had already cut off the deadly flow of words.

"Very well, then. You do admit that you were especially gay, and yet you have no explanation to offer?"

"I suppose—it was because I was relieved that it was finally over. You see, it was all settled—"

"Ah, yes! Exactly what I was trying to bring out! It was 'all settled.' You had made up your mind exactly what you were going to do!"

Wilmott's interpretation is deadly clear. Can he be right? So far, Linda seems the last girl on earth to have turned murderous—but can anything have been in store for her that would have driven her to desperation? Read next week's installment, in which it is revealed that she suddenly demanded marriage of Clay!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

1—It was dedicated to the Roman god Janus.

2—Seventy.

3—The word is popularly supposed to derive from Egyptian, but ethnologists place the race as descendants of some obscure Hindu tribe.

4—Cannibals.

5—John Fitch, in 1787.

6—Cecil Rhodes, to send students from the British dominions, the United States, and Germany to Oxford University, England.

7—Altoona, Pennsylvania.

8—From the German *bollwerk;* originally the flat top of a bulwark or rampart.

9—From the French *dime,* tithe, tenth part.

10—Virginia.

11—Sinister in Latin means left. The Romans considered it an ill omen for a person or thing to appear at their left.

12—Celtic, *bolga,* purse; French, *bougette;* English, budget.

13—A plant that continues more than two years.

14—From *salarium,* Latin for salt money, part of the pay of Roman soldiers and servants.

15—A short prayer read from a book.

16—Any great slaughter, either of beasts or persons.

17—Tennyson, in In Memoriam.

18—Yosemite Falls (three falls), 2,370 feet.

19—Hindustani *pantsche,* five. Applied in England to the well known beverage that originally consisted of five ingredients.

20—A German physicist who invented the thermometer named for him.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★★★★ **THE LORD'S PRAYER.** Pictured by Ingri and Parin D'Aulaire. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

We wish every girl and boy could own this book.

★★★ **DARK ANGEL** by Gina Kaus. The Macmillan Company.

Interesting story told by a faithful governess of her two girl charges. Both grow to womanhood; each falls in love with the same man; he marries one; the other becomes an actress. Each girl is unhappy, but the story is beautifully told and very interesting.

★★★ **KALEIDOSCOPE** by Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press.

An omnibus of the best of this author's shorter works, beautifully translated. A precise and truly scientific approach to the problems that beset humanity mirrored with a poet's sensitivity.

★★★ **TRAINS** by Robert Selph Henry. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Here is a book that should be read by every boy.

★★ **HARRIET** by Elizabeth Jenkins. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

A horror story overpraised by foreign commentators, but still with a good thrill in it.

★★ **MR. DIGWEED AND MR. LUMB** by Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company.

A mystery and murder tale of genuine quality.

★ **IN THE BRIDE'S MIRROR** by Margaret Turnbull. Lippincott.

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Paul Lukas and Constance Cummings in Glamour, a picture of the hardships of wealth on Broadway.

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READING TIME

1 star means fairly good. **3 stars, excellent.**
2 stars, good. **4 stars, extraordinary.**

A CONDITION which this department has always found it somewhat hard to understand is that of rich people in the movies. Rich people in real life—of whom there still seem to be a fair number if you look for them in the right places—have a definitely pleasant time. They eat good food, they ride in fine automobiles, and their children do not wake them up at night. Most of them are involved in emotional disturbances no more frequently than their neighbors in alleys and rock farms.

In the movies, however, rich folk have the miseries. If they have their health, they lose their wives. They are forever being shot at, gypped, or teased. Since Wallace Reid last drove his racing car, Hollywood has not produced a single millionaire whose career any intelligent member of an audience could genuinely envy.

Currently, whether the responsibility belongs to the NRA or Samuel Insull—whose career, incidentally, might make a first-rate picture, in case no one is working on it yet—rich people are in worse repute than ever. All the pictures that came to our attention this week concerned plutocrats in various stages of emotional decay. It may be fair to say that if the three pictures reviewed in these pages had emerged from Russia they would be immediately and properly decried as wild-eyed specimens of propaganda for the commune.

★★★ SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN

THE PLAYERS: Elissa Landi, Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, Doris Lloyd, Clara Blandick, Shirley Grey, Samuel Hinds, and others. Directed by David Burton.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN investigates the case of a well-to-do railroad magnate—he says that he could spend $20,000,000 and still have cake money—and shows you how he feels. He feels, it should be unnecessary to inform you, miserable. The effort of earning the money that has made him, he says, one of the richest men in America has been, he finds, a waste of time. He is gnawed by a desire to sleep in auto camps and to play a tune on the piano.

His wife, when he tells her about this, concludes that he has gone out of his head. She advises him to see a doctor. Instead, he straggles off from dinner before the coffee has arrived and meets in the garden of his country house a young actress who mistakes him for a waiter until he calls her up and makes a date.

What happens when Morgan and Elissa Landi go to Paris, Berlin, Monte Carlo, and elsewhere together need not be examined here, but it would be giving away no secrets to say that it does not noticeably enlarge the millionaire's approval of his lot. He is older and wiser when the picture ends, but groaning still. A young composer (Schildkraut) has taught him several things, but not the tune he wants to learn. He has not seen an auto camp.

What makes Sisters Under the Skin—the title means nothing, since the plutocrat is the central figure in the story—an interesting picture is the fact that Morgan takes the stock scarecrow of a misunderstood millionaire and makes him, by the legerdemain of good acting, a human being. Elissa Landi fails to do the same thing for the actress because instead of acting her part she condescends to it, as is her custom, being careful to show the audience at all times that, whatever may be the nature of the character she is playing, she, Elissa Landi, is a lady. The dialogue in Sisters Under the Skin, by Jo Swerling, is fast, intelligent, and simple.

★★★ GLAMOUR

THE PLAYERS: Paul Lukas, Constance Cummings, Philip Reed, Joseph Cawthorn, Doris Lloyd, David Dickinson, Peggy Campbell, and others. Directed by William Wyler.

OF all the sad rich people with whom the moving pictures are concerned, it seems that the celebrities of Broadway are by and large the saddest.

Its dance directors sit with their chins in their hands; its chorus girls are crackpots, doomed to various disappointments and only achieving marital security at the expense of broken bones or insults. Fame, when it comes to these unfortunates, is a nuisance.

Money is what it takes to teach them that they cannot buy a pal. The columnists have broken pencils and their friends have broken hearts, so that when they smile it is only conclusive proof that they are thinking of the River.

Under these circumstances it is curious that

GOLD GATE

Vealth in Its Place and s Unfortunate Possessors

LY HILLS

INUTES 32 SECONDS

Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong in Manhattan Love Song—what happens to the rich when they go broke.

most cinema excursions through Times Square are conducted in a mood of levity, characterized by jeers at the misfortunes of its citizens and seasoned by unlikely happy endings. Glamour, adapted from a story by Edna Ferber, is a serious consideration of the ailments of show notables. It starts gay and ends gloomy, aiming to instill in its audiences a proper sympathy for the penalties of high lights. It investigates a misanthrope song writer (Paul Lukas), his beautiful overambitious and susceptible wife (Constance Cummings), and a slick broad-shouldered crooner (Philip Reed) who slides, as simply as a string of greased spaghetti off a fork, out of an Italian minestrone joint into the lead part in a Broadway production, with bad results for all concerned.

It may be that the tantrums of sex hysteria and creative fervor experienced by the personnel of Glamour are out of keeping with those which belong to their counterparts in reality. Granting the premises of the picture, they are plausible and interesting. Glamour is the first picture we have seen which makes a cottage in Westport look like something other than the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum. It may be that this touch of authenticity is what gives to the unfortunate adventures of its people a surprising plausibility.

The script is sufficiently observant and the acting of Lukas and Miss Cummings is sufficiently well keyed and simple to make the picture an almost honest and often affecting drama.

The best scene in Glamour is the first—in which Miss Cummings, whose later development into a lady of some sense and sensibility is well observed, appears as a dim-witted dancer, confident, without ever having met Lukas, that his function in the theatrical profession is to write a number for her.

Sisters Under the Skin is a film about a railroad magnate. Elissa Landi, Joseph Schildkraut, and Frank Morgan are shown.

★½ MANHATTAN LOVE SONG

THE PLAYERS: Robert Armstrong, Dixie Lee, Franklyn Pangborn, Harold Waldridge, Cecile Cunningham, Herman Bing, Nydia Westman, Helen Flint, and others. Directed by Leonard Fields.

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG indicates what happens to rich people when they lose their money: they enjoy life. The argument in this case is based upon the careers of two sisters who, when informed by the family solicitor that they have overnight become candidates for the poor farm, deal with the situation by taking their maid and chauffeur in as boarders.

An Arizona heiress and her half-wit son turn up in time to help Dixie Lee and Helen Flint acquire an appetite for parsnips without butter.

It is an unfortunate fact that Manhattan Love Song offers more valuable lessons to its producers than to its audiences.

A picture built to run in double-feature houses, it is a horrid example of its class, because like so many productions by minor companies it misses, not because of a lack of star names in the cast nor of a good story idea, but because of a lack of intelligence in writing and direction.

The dialogue in Manhattan Love Song is not pretentious. It is unspeakable.

The actors know it, and there is a grim determined incompetence about at least four performances in a picture which, with better lines and smart direction, might have a successful small-time production. Dixie Lee, Bing Crosby's wife, does a good job on the best tune in the show.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol, Little Women.

★★★—Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup.

Vox

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

IF THERE'S ANOTHER WAR, BLAME THE WOMEN

BALTIMORE, MD.—If the nations go to war again it will be the fault of the women of the world. Because the women of the world, united in purpose, can stop war whenever they decide to do it. It is almost axiomatic that a man is the head of his household only by permission of the woman in it. If for no more sensible reason, she rules by the simple process of nagging.

I remember clearly when President Wilson declared war to end war—a war for humanity that he afterward admitted was really a mercenary war—and the part the women played. Drives were put on for voluntary enlistments. The women visioned themselves as leaders in a great determination and led the clamor. Voluntary enlistments began to slow down. Then the women went after their men brutally, not knowing how brutal they were. Individually and in groups, in organized clubs, through the press, they boycotted what they called slackers, men who didn't want to kill or be killed. Girls turned down dates, refused to dance, refused even to speak to boys who were not willing to have their heads blown to bits, their eyes shot out, their arms and legs torn off, their lives irreparably wrecked by poison gas.

They did it systematically and triumphantly. They *knew* they could make the men do anything they demanded by withdrawing their so-called favors. Personally, I know now that I'd rather be totally unkissed than to be kissed by a cannon ball. I'd rather not dance with a woman than to dance through barbed-wire entanglements. But the girls believed they were exalting honor and virtue and patriotism.

I think they know better now. Every war widow, every sweetheart of the war who read her lover's name in the casualty list, every war baby whose daddy never came home—I think they know now!

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the President of the United States, commenting on the publication of World War pictures in newspapers, wrote:

"I think the publication of these pictures will have an extremely good effect. Human memories seem short, and what war means with its toll of suffering passes quickly, especially where youth is concerned. I feel sure it will be a useful contribution to the question of peace."

I prefer the thought of Mrs. Roosevelt to the thought of any high-school girl to whom the horrors of war may mean romance in a bright uniform. Digging ditches in mud, going over the top behind a barrage of flaming hell, plunging into machine-gun nests with bayonets fixed, filling your lungs with poison gas, clawing the earth in death agonies—that is not dress-parade stuff. No girl of the World War days who taunted her boy friend to his death had that in mind. She saw him returning as a hero, not as a skeleton stripped by vultures, nor as an unknown soldier under a white cross.

Is there a girl of World War days who would taunt her slacker boy friend into enlisting again? I think not. We have been too thoroughly disillusioned, both as to the glamour of war and as to the motives that actuate mass murder among the nations.

And I say again, if the world goes to war with the echoes of the World War still ringing in our ears, it will be the fault of the women of the world. They can stop war whenever they choose to stop it. On the day when every woman commands her man to insist upon peace, peace will become an established fact. There is no man, group, or combination of groups of men capable of refusing anything upon which the massed women of earth insist.

The women can get peace by influence, by example, by request, by insistence, by nagging, for the sake of the children they bore.

And if through any persistence of political ambition, economic greed, or national short-sightedness they fail by persuasion, in another generation they can have their way over all man's objections by a very simple process.

They can refuse to have babies!

And then what will the fighters of earth use for cannon fodder?—*Henry Edward Warner.*

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: *Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. The whole purpose of this department is to select, from all the letters sent to Vox Pop, those which the editor thinks of special value and for which we will pay $25. It should be understood that all letters addressed to Vox Pop are submitted for publication as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.*

Mr. Warner's letter was selected by the editor as a Four-Star Letter and he has been sent $25.—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

CONFEDERATE GOLD

ATLANTA, GA.—In an article in Liberty the writer stated the capture of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, took place in Georgia, between the towns of Washington and Lincolnton.

The last meeting of the Confederate Cabinet was held at Washington, and the gold belonging to the Confederate government was hidden near there. But President Davis was captured near Fitzgerald, Georgia.—*W. Sam Askew.*

SOME VERY SMART FOLK

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Why is it that all your contest winners always live east of the Mississippi River? I have been in one of the leading schools here in Kansas City for the past twelve years, and many of my scholarship winners have entered into your contests. But never yet has a prize been given west of the Mississippi.

The writer has checked and helped these worthy students, and could find no errors in their contributions to your contests—yet none has ever won anything yet. Would like to know, do you ever consider all the contributions sent in, or is it just the "bunk," as the slang users would say?

We have some very smart folk living in the West, also.—*H. M. Sneed, Professor of History and Geography, Paseo School.*

[Liberty awarded cash during recent contests to entrants from Jefferson City, Mo.; Corpus Christi, Tex.; San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Oakland, Calif.; and lesser prizes in great number west of the Mississippi. Every contest entry is carefully read and rated. Better luck for K. C. next time.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

TRAFFIC OFFICER GIVES US THE GREEN LIGHT

SUPERIOR, WIS.—The safety articles by Tom Burke in Liberty are very timely and instructive. All too few of present-day highway users have a real understanding of traffic safety, and these articles will go a long way toward remedying this regretful condition.—*Thomas Allen, Traffic Officer.*

DAMNABLE CHAIN LETTERS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—There is nothing so provoking as those *damnable* chain letters. People who write them should be classed foremost in the Public Enemy lists.

I received one today which was started by an American colonel. And if *that's* all he has to do, we'd best fire the army and pray that our navy doesn't get affected the same way.—*John J. Ryan.*

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES

RICHMOND, CALIF.—California's State Director of Finance proposes a tax on all bachelors. Why not tax spinsters too?

Still, if all the bachelors and spinsters were taxed, no doubt they would perfect a strong union (not matrimonial) in opposition, because many of our single girls are the breadwinners for others. There's where the shoe pinches.—*R. J. Craycroft.*

FARM BOARD, NOT FARM BUREAU

CHICAGO, ILL.—The editorial in April 21 Liberty on The Permanency of the NRA contained the following statement:

"Take the Farm Bureau, for example, during the Hoover administration. They spent hundreds of millions of dollars. The officials of this bureau were going to outwit the law of supply and demand. They would stabilize the price of wheat and cotton. And the farmers not only had to accept the lowest price they had ever been offered for these two agricultural products, but they had to assume the increased taxes necessary to pay the staggering loss made by these spectacular experiments."

Undoubtedly you meant to refer to the operations of the Federal Farm Board instead of our organization, the Farm Bureau. Our organization con-

Pop

sists of county Farm Bureaus, which are federated into state Farm Bureau federations, and these, in turn, are federated into the American Farm Bureau Federation; but the entire organization is referred to as the Farm Bureau.

Several protests concerning the use of our name in this account of the operations of the Farm Board have come to my attention.

Will you kindly take steps to make proper correction of this mistake?—*W. R. Ogg, Acting Secretary, American Farm Bureau Federation.*

AND A RIGHT CUTE REFUSAL

BALBOA ISLAND, CALIF.—In your April 21 Vox Pop, Norman L. Jackson suggests that it would be right cute to start a little supplemental White House on the Pacific coast where the Vice President could " habilitate " around and help the President.

What grudge has he against the west coast? Had it not been for the present Vice President, the lower house of Congress would not have balked every recovery policy when it was first initiated by a Republican administration in 1931 and 1932. And but for him we would have been well on our way to prosperity by the spring of 1933.

No, we do not want the gentleman out here! Don't hamper the President, either. The Vice President is safest right where he is.—*H. C. Mower.*

YANKEE'S BALLYHOO

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Your articles by Adela Rogers St. Johns on movie stars give one a very clear idea of the sophisticated airs and presumption which help to make up the average Yankee's ballyhoo.

It is not necessary to ballyhoo movie stars. Their ability and genuineness are proof of their dire need to mankind. As for English stars, we might cite, for examples, Clive Brook and Ronald Colman as compared to John Gilbert and James Cagney. One does not hear any unnecessary publicity about the former, while we are all quite aware of the ga-ga attached to the latter. Also, it is recognized that the former are quite better actors than the latter.—*Robert Scott.*

FOUR BILLION MILES FROM THE SUN

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—In reading the Twenty Questions answered in April 28 Liberty, I found the statement that there are eight planets in our solar system.

I think that statement is inaccurate. The discovery of the ninth planet, Pluto, was announced on March 13, 1930, and I have not heard of any authority for returning the number of planets to eight.

The planets in their order away from the sun are Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto.

Pluto is about four billion miles from the sun and takes more than three thousand years for a revolution. Many years ago Professor Percival Lowell predicted the discovery of a ninth planet, stating his belief in its existence because of eccentricities in the movements of Uranus. —*Ira Watson, Harvard Union.*

SHE SAW A DREAM—BLUSHING

UNION BRIDGE, MD.—Tell me, do the Roosevelts blush?

The other night I had a dream. I sat in a great bright room and there was a distinguished company present. Mr. Thomas Jefferson was acting as chairman, and there was a man on his right that I did not recognize; but George Washington was there, and Teddy Roosevelt, Abe Lincoln, and Woodrow Wilson.

All at once Mr. Jefferson held up a paper, and I saw it was the speech that young T. R. made in New York recently, and every one looked distressed.

Mr. Jefferson spoke in an awful voice and said, " A pity you did not train him better, Ted," and Theodore Roosevelt wiped his eyeglass. Then Mr. Jefferson turned to the gentleman on his right and said, " Now, Jimmy, that boy of yours—*there is a man!*

Shortly after that the meeting broke up, and as I walked out the door I saw Franklin D. and T. R., Jr., beating it down the corridor. They'd heard, for even that far away I could see that young T. R.'s face was *raspberry red,* while F. D.'s was just pleasure pink.

So, Vox Pop dear, if you tell me that blushing is a Roosevelt failing, I shall believe that I'm psychic and there is really something to that dream.—*Mrs. Charles C. Snyder.*

DELIGHTFUL HUM

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.—How delightful the story Every Other Inch a Gentleman! The clean wholesome theme, the magnificent exaggeration, the delightful hum was refreshing.

I am an invalid, bed-bound eight years. I read little, but I did enjoy this.—*Lelia L. Barnes.*

FEEDING OF FORGOTTEN MEN

BLACK MOUNTAIN, N. C.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorials in Liberty are making a good many people think, and perhaps he is molding public opinion more than he realizes.

For years this fine crusader has used his voice and his pen to bring about better conditions, both mental and physical, in thousands of American homes. Is it too much, then, to ask that he write some timely articles about the feeding of the forgotten men, women, and children by the Red Cross and other charitable agencies?—*Helen P. Bell, Life Abundant Movement, Inc.*

NOT TO BE READ IN TRAFFIC

CHICAGO, ILL.—There ought to be a law against reading Liberty in Chicago —or at least in the Loop. We dash down to pay our taxes, and bang! ram our nose right into some goof sauntering along, oblivious to all the terrors that surround us—racketeers, Reds, rum, ruin, and Roosevelt's Brain Trust, even indifferent to Insull's troubles—just reading Liberty. Not once but half a dozen times. How're we goin' to pay our taxes or get around the corner to put salt on Prosperity's tail, when the lane is full of gawks reading?—*Patrick O'Leary, Lawyer.*

P. S.—You might relieve yourself of liability by printing a notice on the frontispiece: " Not to Be Read in Traffic."

P. P. S.—And when, as, and if a better story than The She-Devil is written, Rupert Hughes will write it.

P. P. S. S.—This letter is not entered for Four * * * * consideration, but merely some free gratis advice for nothing.

NORDIC VS. MEX

BOULDER, COLO.—In April 21 Liberty there is an article by Battell Loomis, With the Green Guard, that I wish to correct.

Mr. Loomis says that two boys in the CCC camp had a fistic entanglement, and describes them as a " Nordic " and a " Mex." He also goes on to tell that at the end of the seventh round of battle neither one of the boys would get up and fight.

This is not true. The fight only lasted five rounds, and at that time the gentleman he describes as the " Nordic " quit; the one described as the " Mex " was still willing to go. My proof of this statement is easy to establish. I was the " Mex."—*D. C. Archulita, SP-2-C, CCC, Company 809.*

THE COLONEL IS "REGUSTED"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I used to take quite an interest in Liberty cross word puzzles. Since you started the type now being published I have lost interest in the magazine.—*Colonel Alonzo Gray.*

[Wait until you see our new ones, Colonel.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

"MAN'S MONEY MATTERS"

OAK PARK, ILL.—The single greatest need of the country is to get people back to work—employed; and the one thing most certain of accomplishing this result is the restoration of bank credit for agricultural, industrial, and commercial uses.

Banks have excess reserves sufficient to expand credit by about $15,000,000,000. However, because of their experience for the past four years and the crippled current condition of many business concerns, they—the banks—are unwilling, in the circumstances, to extend the credit so much needed.

The situation is susceptible of remedy at a cost of no more than a slight fraction of the benefit most certain to result therefrom. Aid by the government in sharing, upon some reasonable basis, the risks on loans made by banks for productive purposes is a sane and justified recovery requirement. Understandingly estimated, every dollar expended by the government or contingently committed by it in this rôle will have a comparative recovery value of five to ten times that of any other means of assistance, including direct lending by it.

Without the restoration of bank credit, regardless of anything else that may be done, recovery of a healthy and enduring character is a long time off.—*Alfred H. Smith, author of Man's Money Matters.*

$3,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

LIBERTY'S GAME OF STATES

THIS IS SET NO. 10 OF THE SERIES!

ONLY TWO MORE TO GO

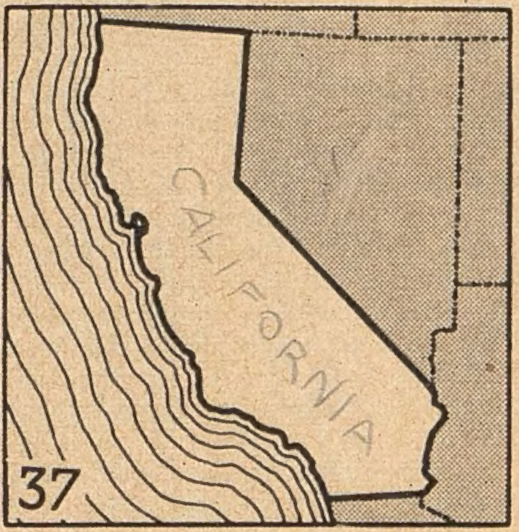
THE states mapped on this page will bring your total collection for your entry up to forty. There are only eight more states to be obtained. These will be published in the next two issues. In the meantime, are you giving consideration to the fifty-word essay required by Rule 3? This is an important part of your entry. Do not neglect to supply it. And do not spend time and money in the preparation of an elaborate entry. Simplicity is best. Keep accuracy and neatness in mind.

FIRST PRIZE	**$500**
SECOND PRIZE	**250**
THIRD PRIZE	**100**
100 PRIZES, each $10	**1,000**
230 PRIZES, each $5	**1,150**
333 PRIZES—TOTAL	**$3,000**

THE RULES

1. Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States: a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.
2. You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.
3. When you have done this with all the 48 maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.
4. Liberty will pay $3,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.
5. This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.
6. Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by the close of business July 11, 1934.
7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post-office-box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.
8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.
9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.

SET NO. 10

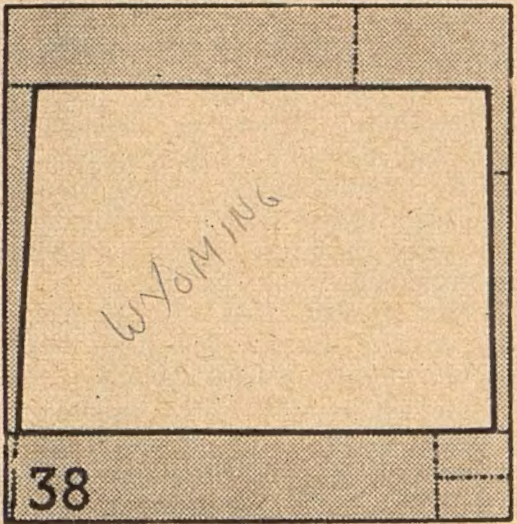


37

The longest coast line of any state in the Union is claimed by this state. It was the objective of the fortune-seeking pioneers later called the "Forty-niners."

Name of state..........................

Bounded by..........................

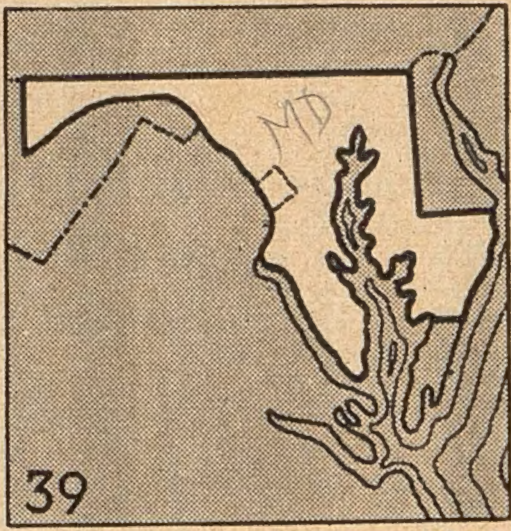


38

This state is bounded by six others. From its southwest corner in one step you may enter any of three states. It leads in radium and sugar-beet production.

Name of state..........................

Bounded by..........................

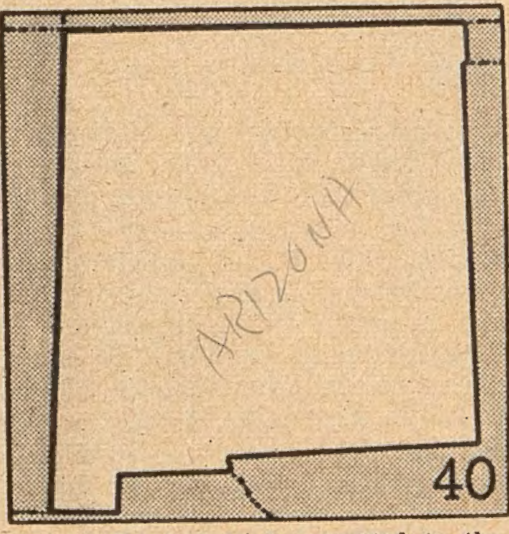


39

This state is the seat of a famous federal school. A salt-water bay separates it into eastern and western shores, each having a social and industrial individuality.

Name of state..........................

Bounded by..........................



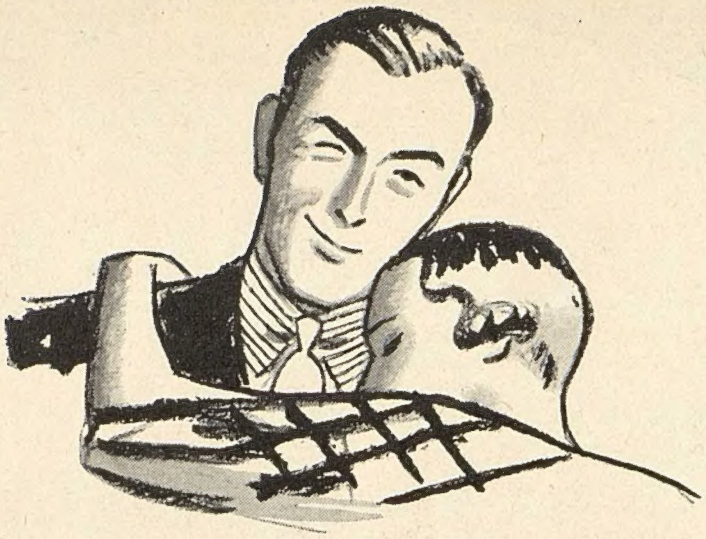
40

Among the last to be admitted to the Union, this state is unique for its "dry" farming. Many tourists visit it for the winter months and to inspect its Indian reservations.

Name of state..........................

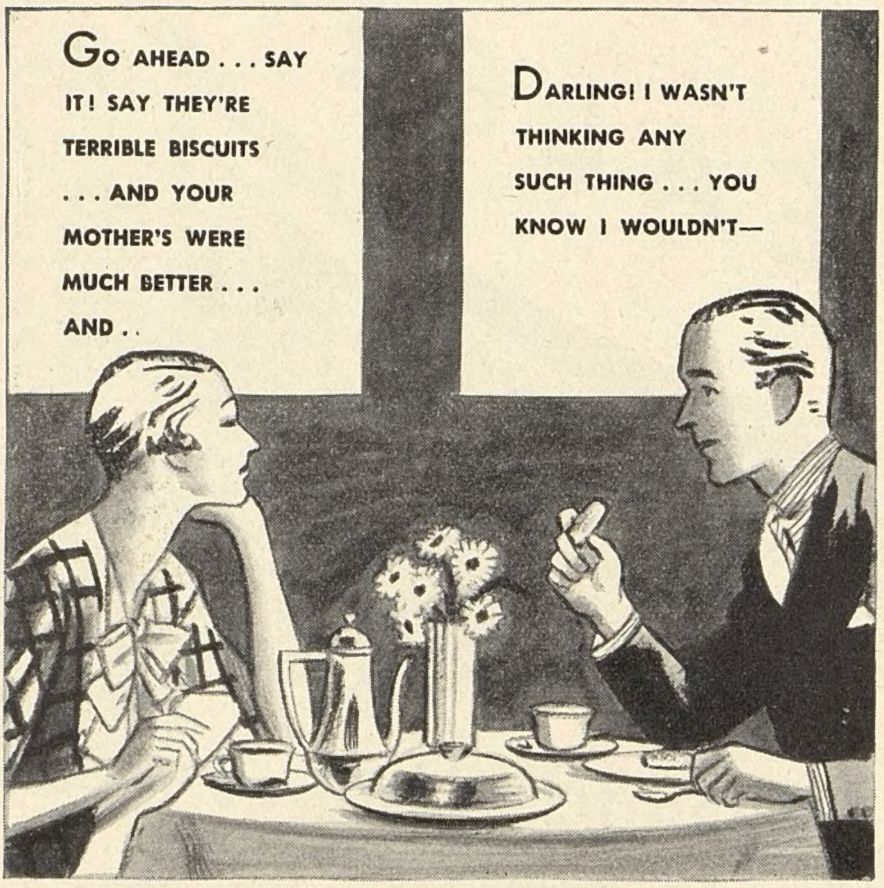
Bounded by..........................

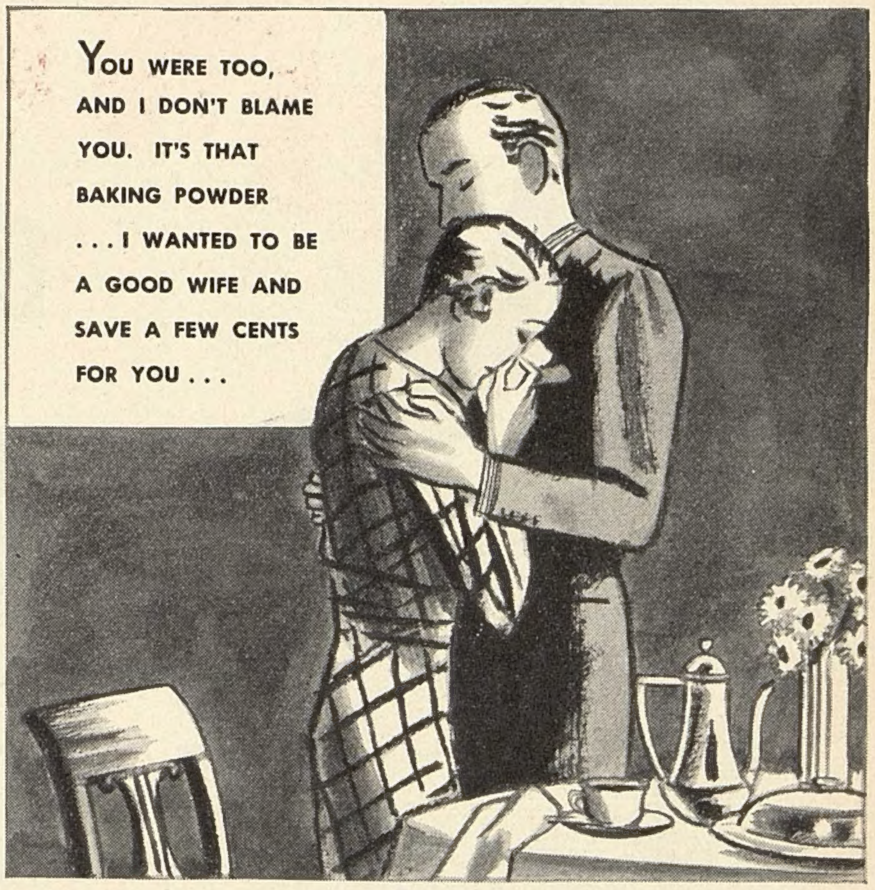
SET NO. 11 WILL BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK

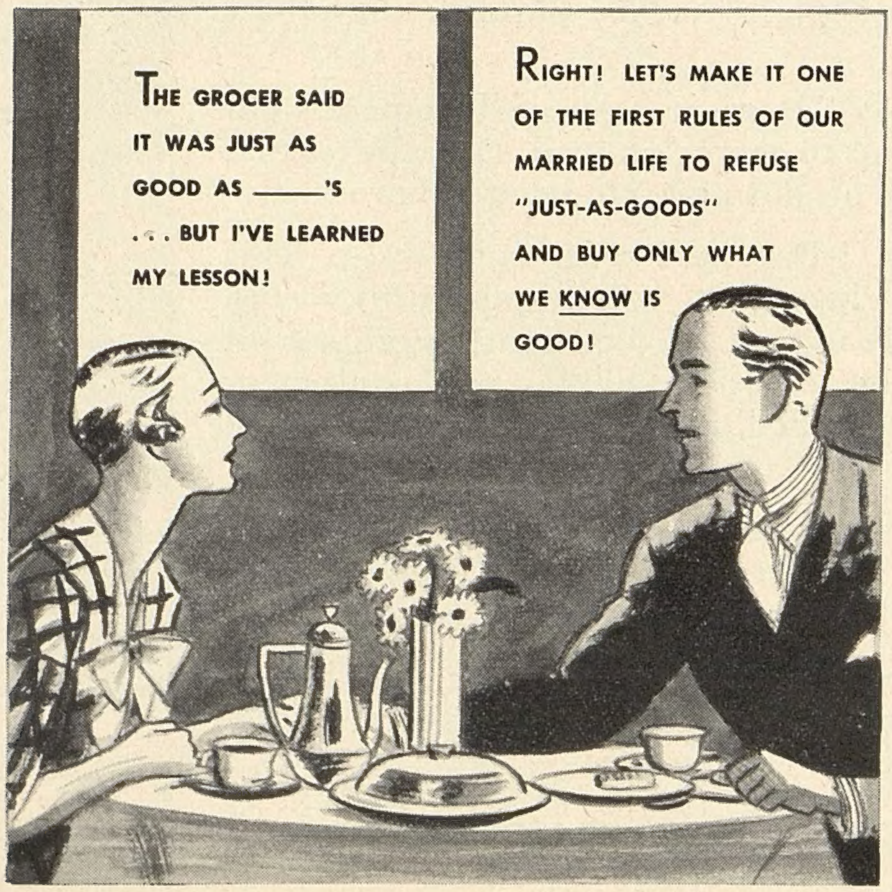


It Happens

EVEN BETWEEN NEWLYWEDS!


GO AHEAD . . . SAY IT! SAY THEY'RE TERRIBLE BISCUITS . . . AND YOUR MOTHER'S WERE MUCH BETTER . . . AND . .
DARLING! I WASN'T THINKING ANY SUCH THING . . . YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T—


YOU WERE TOO, AND I DON'T BLAME YOU. IT'S THAT BAKING POWDER . . . I WANTED TO BE A GOOD WIFE AND SAVE A FEW CENTS FOR YOU . . .


THE GROCER SAID IT WAS JUST AS GOOD AS ——'S . . . BUT I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!
RIGHT! LET'S MAKE IT ONE OF THE FIRST RULES OF OUR MARRIED LIFE TO REFUSE "JUST-AS-GOODS" AND BUY ONLY WHAT WE KNOW IS GOOD!

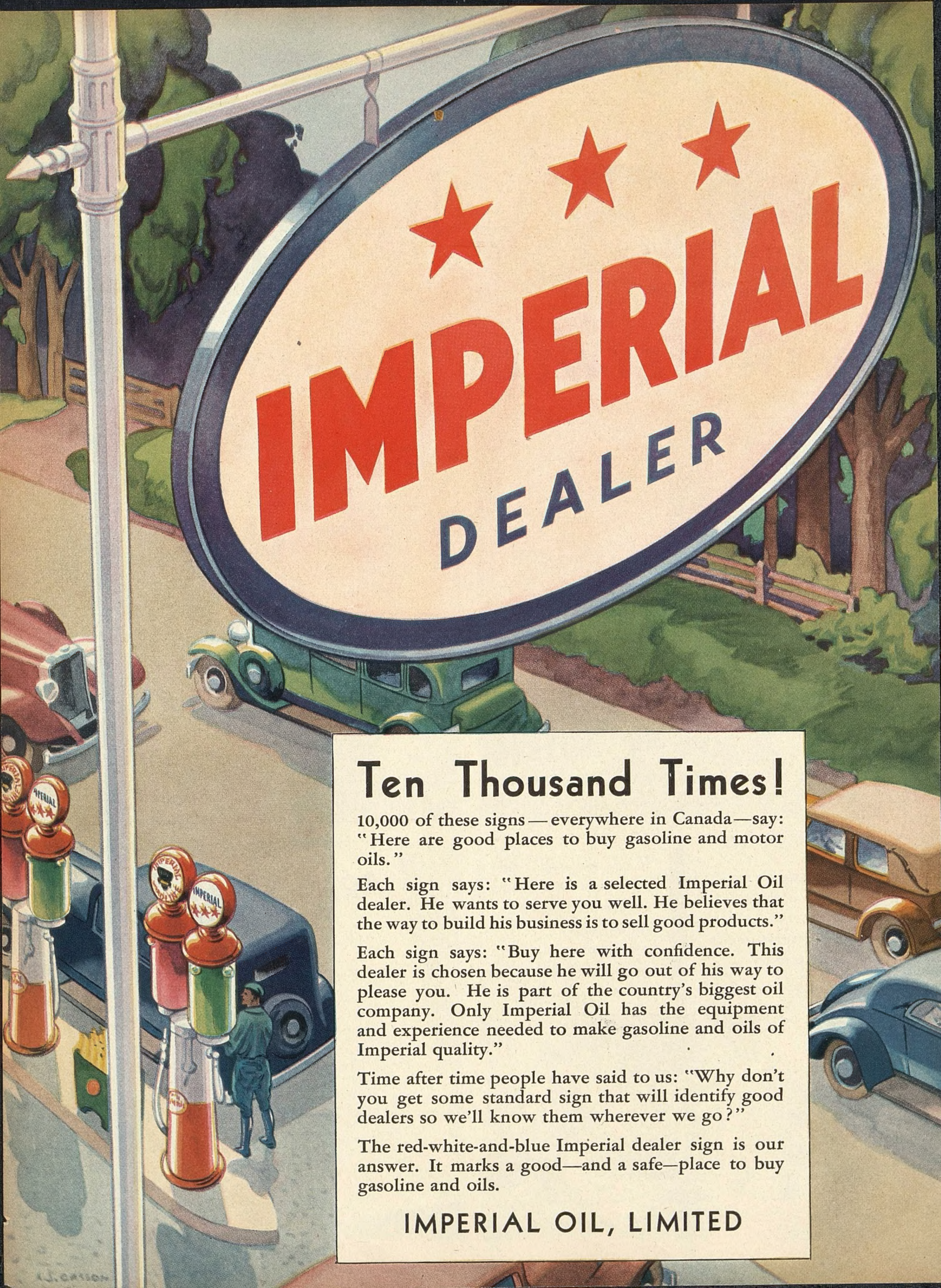
AREN'T YOU WISER

to insist upon known products?

Is it worth the chance you take . . . the few cents you may save in buying an unknown product?

The clerk who offers it to you may be sincere — may really believe he is trying to sell you something "just as good." But (all too often!) he may be thinking of extra profit.

So aren't you wiser in quietly insisting on the product that has given you satisfaction — the product you *know* is good? Make sure that you get the brand that has won your confidence. You'll find this policy the truest economy!



Ten Thousand Times!

10,000 of these signs — everywhere in Canada—say: "Here are good places to buy gasoline and motor oils."

Each sign says: "Here is a selected Imperial Oil dealer. He wants to serve you well. He believes that the way to build his business is to sell good products."

Each sign says: "Buy here with confidence. This dealer is chosen because he will go out of his way to please you. He is part of the country's biggest oil company. Only Imperial Oil has the equipment and experience needed to make gasoline and oils of Imperial quality."

Time after time people have said to us: "Why don't you get some standard sign that will identify good dealers so we'll know them wherever we go?"

The red-white-and-blue Imperial dealer sign is our answer. It marks a good—and a safe—place to buy gasoline and oils.

IMPERIAL OIL, LIMITED